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FILM QUARTERLY

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Editor's Notebook

The Critical Need

We wish that more writers would address themselves to questions of style in cinema. By this term is not meant "touches," by which critics claim to distinguish a Wellman from a Cukor (or a Hawks from a handsaw?) but the genuine fundamentals of cinematic method: *how the film is made*. Some of the French critics have begun to deal with these matters, as have some of the young English ones [see letter in this issue]. But the approach has not yet been seriously and protractedly made, although we are in fact at some kind of fork in the road.

Down one possible route goes the cinema as an industry, a mass art. We all know the style associated with this route. It is "classic," clear, slow, big-screen, Technicolored, dull. It is the style based upon a shooting method of master scenes, later interrupted in the cutting room with occasional inserts; it is a distant style, stage-like, in which blocking becomes more important than cutting and the camera is forced back out of the action to the position of a detached observer. It is the style, therefore, of an easy superficial "realism." (We also wish that some critic would provide a convenient classification for the various genres of screen realism, so that the term might again become useful, rather than a means of mere praise or rebuke.)

Down the other possible route goes the cinema as a means of individual expression—in other words, as a real art. And since this route is little explored, we find that we do not yet understand much of what the film-makers following it are doing: Resnais and Antonioni above all. We see, of course, that there is an abrupt disregard of the conventional surface, and no attempt to reconstruct a facsimile of it, in which event D follows event A by some neat, artificial logic of C and B. The plot, which is the underlying structural factor in the Hollywood film ("Then we can have him do such-and-such an action") has been displaced from its governing role.

There are indeed film-makers who, perhaps unconsciously or perhaps cynically, make films so that this displacement of plot is not total or blatant; and this kind of triumphant sleight-of-hand especially appeals to the French, who imagine Hollywood film-makers to be much cleverer than we find them. But the main question is not a plot-question; and this is the real reason why social criticism of films has now come to seem tedious except in a direct political context. "Yes, yes," we say to ourselves, "but he is only writing about the story and the characters—what about the *film*?"

This is not a formalist concern, properly understood; it goes to the heart of how the true film artist must try to function, and it should be the central concern of critics. It does not mean style-for-style's-sake. As has been brilliantly demonstrated, even apparently rather abstract arts like Byzantine painting were also "imitation," attempts to deal with the world as it was thought to be, governed by logical principles although these (about perspective, for instance) are not our logical principles. Even extreme abstract expressionism might be said to represent the intellectual and emotional world we now conceive we inhabit: a world constituted of forces and tensions, a world where mass varies with speed (and may change into energy with lethal results), a world where the conventional surface is known to be illusionary, where the publicly accepted is generally expected to be false or meretricious. But of means of representation akin to the painters,' postwar cinema has shown little awareness until very recently.

American film-makers on the whole have a great disdain for critics, because they sense correctly that the serious critic is the natural enemy of "the industry." But a part of this disdain is important, for it stems from the feeling that critics do not know "how film is done," that they do not grasp the complexity of the effort that goes into even a simple static shot, much less a complicated scene with camera movement —much less the construction of a sequence. It is valuable for a critic to look occasionally at some sequence that intrigues him, over and over

again, until he does thoroughly understand how it is done, and can grasp in detail its strategies and its flaws. (There is something to be said for working as a movie-theater usher for a few months: it teaches you about such matters.) It is also valuable to work out on paper or 16mm film your own production projects: it impresses anew with the craft of the craftsman and the immense, magical power of the occasional artist. And there is an understanding of film that can only be gotten by handling it: here is this strip of images, they go through the Moviola or viewer thusly, they relate to one another on the screen thusly, they may be extended or cut shorter or changed in order, they may be reshot, they may be replaced with something else.

With such complex potentialities and their upshot in any given film, the critic must learn to cope. As the old director says in *Prater Violet*, the film is an infernal machine; its understanding in the detail we need is not easy. But the work of trying to understand is exciting, and at this particular juncture it is new: we do not know where it will lead. That is a good situation to be in: it should call forth all the vision and intelligence we have. And to exercise these is, we submit, the best definition of a love of the film.

Manuscripts

Film Quarterly welcomes manuscripts on virtually any aspect of the cinema. One of our chief concerns is to find and print new, young writers who have become seriously interested in films. We are especially eager to receive articles of detailed analysis dealing in an original and sophisticated way with important questions of film style and technique; articles surveying, definitively if possible, the work of significant filmmakers or trends in film-making; and articles dealing with films of the past in a spirit of accurate but interesting scholarship. Queries to the editor are suggested regarding virtually all topics, since many articles are assigned far in advance. We also welcome poetry, but it must deal with movies or movie-going, even if remotely. Payment is upon publication. All unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope or they cannot be returned. Address: *Film Quarterly*, University of California Press, Berkeley 4, California. The various regional editors will also, to the extent of the time they have available, advise authors of manuscripts upon request.

Cuban Films

Despite the machinations of the CIA, the Cuban film-makers have continued making films and publishing their remarkably international-minded *Cine Cubano*. Two features have been completed to date: *Cuba Dances* and *Stories of the Revolution*, the latter a three-episode picture apparently somewhat reminiscent of Italian neorealism. Some of the documentaries produced in the last two years have been seen fitfully in this country, but the features have not. If anything is clear from the abortive invasion by the Cuban exiles, it is that Americans do not understand what has been going on in Cuba since the revolution. The new Cuban films might help in this regard, and we hope that the Cuban films can soon be seen here. The United States carries out an elaborate official cultural exchange program with our chief enemy 3,000 miles away; it would be a novel sign of intelligence in U.S. policy toward Cuba to encourage familiarity with Cuba's films and other arts.

Periodicals

Cinema Studies, The Journal of the Society for Film History Research, is published at 1 Dane Street, High Holborn, London W.C.I. (No price given.) Vol. 1, No. 2 contains an article on the origins of film censorship in India which is summary and superficial and a "nucleus of a British film bibliography" which lists a mere 22 titles. There are reviews of books in English and Scandinavian languages. The quality of work in this sample issue does not augur well.

NCTE (National Council of Teachers of English) *Studies in the Mass Media* are published at 508 South Sixth Street, Champaign, Illinois. Single copies $.30, subscriptions $2.00 per

year; reduced prices for bulk orders. Studies of films ("photoplays"), recordings, and television designed for use as educational guides for discussion classes. Those for films contain summaries of the story; notes on production locations, cast, producing personnel; an evaluation of the picture; and suggested discussion topics. Dull but useful.

About Our Contributors

HERBERT FEINSTEIN is Assistant Professor of English and Journalism at San Francisco State College. His articles and reviews have appeared in the *Reporter*, *Columbia Forum*, *Film Quarterly*, and scholarly journals.

R. M. FRANCHI edits and publishes the *N. Y. Film Bulletin*, and is Executive Secretary of the American Federation of Film Societies and co-director of the Archive Film Society. He is also an occasional contributor to the *N. Y. Herald Tribune's* "Lively Arts" magazine section.

R. M. HODGENS is the author of "A Brief, Tragical History of the Science Fiction Film" [*Film Quarterly*, Winter, 1959] and a graduate student at New York University.

DONALD RICHIE has just returned from Yugoslavia, having been invited there by the Udruzenje Filmskih Prolzvodjaca Jugoslavije. He is co-author of *The Japanese Film*, and has been working on a new book about Japanese cinema.

ROGER SANDALL is an anthropologist and film-maker who works at the New York Museum of Natural History; his reviews have appeared in *Film Quarterly* in previous issues.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND, formerly Edward Steichen's assistant at the Museum of Modern Art, is now an editor at Simon and Schuster, where she planned and edited *Four Screenplays of Ingmar Bergman*. She wrote the text for an article on New York film-makers in the March *Horizon*.

STAN VANDERBEEK is a New York painter and film-maker whose animated collage films have attracted much attention in recent months.

JOHN STEVENS WADE is the author of two books and has contributed to the *New York Times* and the *Kansas City Star*.

Cartoon

The animated rabbits munching lettuce stare
Without suspicion at the hunter. There is nothing
to fear
In Technicolor. One image with a wilted ear
Seems to wait the inevitable foe; yet unaware

His feast will end in fire, he relishes the leaves.
Bullets riot and shake the purple wood with drama.
Panic and white smoke circle the trees. A panorama
Similar to Bull Run in confusion somehow achieves

What we have never made amusing in a war:
Rabbits chasing their heads down a hill without
surprise;
Stuffing the holes in their fur with motion,
as if exercise
Had become, miraculously, the hilarious bailor

Of protoplasm. The hunter in his piglike stance,
Gun cocked and snout poised like a statue, sniffs
the air.
He is about to embark skyward, riding the hot glare
Of dynamited vengeance while the rabbits dance.

I, who snicker in the theater, wait disaster.
Oh it may come tomorrow with its crimson flashes,
With its piggy dangers and rabbit-hopeful dashes;
It may come like the laugh from the dark
without a master.

—John Stevens Wade

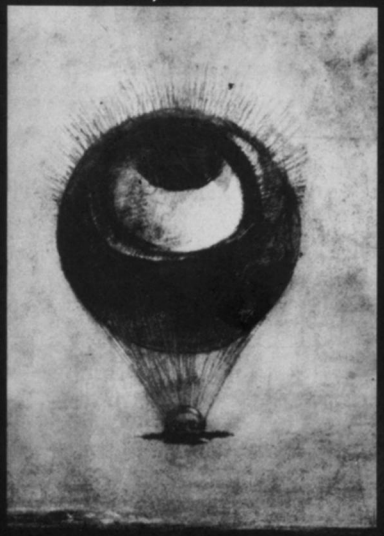
CLASSIFIED SECTION

STAN VANDERBEEK

The Cinema Delimina

—FILMS FROM THE UNDERGROUND

"The eye like a mighty balloon ascends toward infinity."—O. REDON



Photos: O. Redon; Mili, by Dali; Avedon;

collage by Vanderbeek

Perhaps it is not possible to rescue cinema from its
living grave? It is after all a black art
of shadows and passing illusions.

No. Film is an art in evolution. It is the dark glass for the physical
and visual change in motion about us. How is it then
that we are suffocated with the cardboard cut-out poetry
of Hollywood?

The mind, eye, and heart of the artist will find a way through the dilemma:
the making of private art that can be made public, rather than
the public art we know, which cannot be made private.

"I am devoting my life to what is inappropriately called 'The Experimental Film,' in America, because I am an artist and, as such, am convinced that freedom of personal expression (that which is called 'experiment' by those who don't understand it) is the natural beginning of any art, and because I love film and am excited above everything else by the possibilities inherent in film as a means of aesthetic expression. And film as an art form is at its beginning, so that most expressive films in our time will, of course, appear as 'experiments.' There is no place for an artist in the film studios, because they have universally adopted theatrical or literary forms and have become extensions of the art of the theatre at best, or the novel at worst. There is virtually no art of the film to be found in any formalized motion picture producing system I know of and probably never will be. It is possible that, some day, there will be patronization of film art. Those who, today, are discovering what that art may be, must learn to accept inattention, and even abuse, and to remain in that state of independence where discovery is still possible."—STAN BRAKHAGE, 1957

But now the most
revolutionary art form
of our time is in the hands
of entertainment merchants,
stars, manufacturers.

The artist is preposterously
cut off from the tools
of production.
The vistavisionaries
of Hollywood,
with their split-level
features and Disney landscapes,
have had the field to themselves.

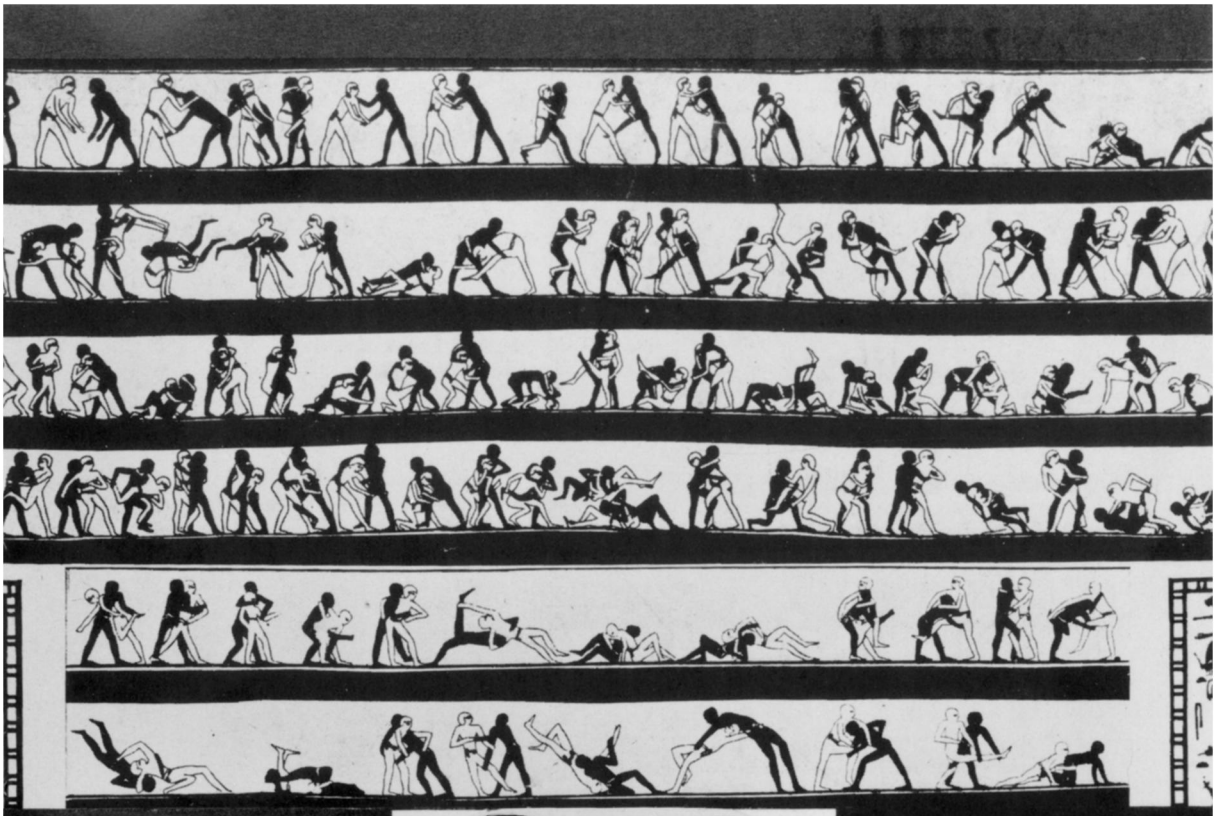
Sequential portrayal of motion in an Egyptian painting.

CAPTIONS ▶

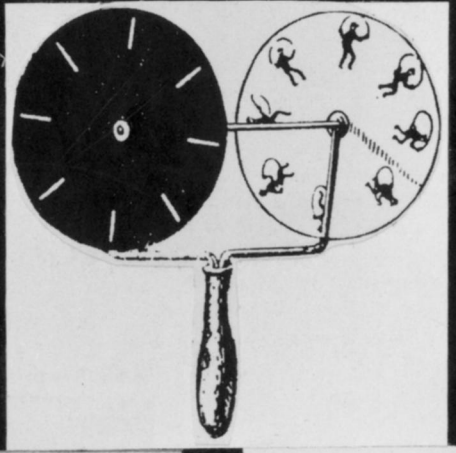
Nineteenth-century Praxinoscope

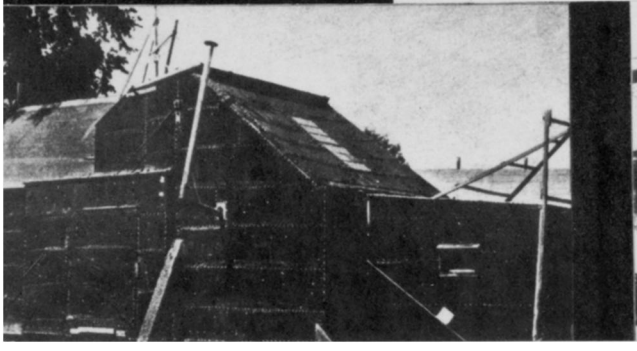
Edison's first movie studio, "the Black Maria," Orange, N.J.

Early cinema on an English fairground, circa 1905



"Our techniques are improvised, our means are improvised. We are working without a budget (they always ask us: 'What's your budget?'), borrowing money as we go. If we would have started thinking about budgets and unions and distributors, we'd have never started. Now we are close to the end, and nobody will be able to stop us now. They laughingly call us 'beatnik productions.' If that is what it is, so it is, and we are proud of it. We are the true professionals: we know goddamn well what we are doing and what we want to do." —JONAS MEKAS



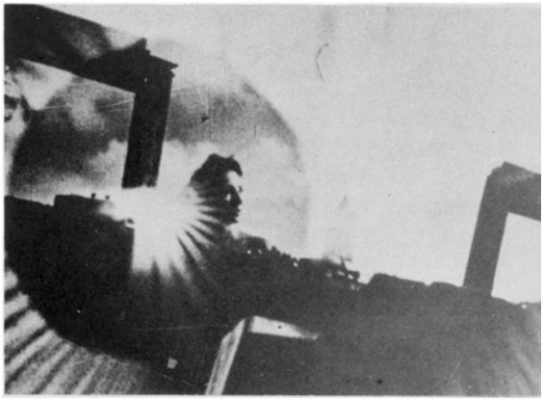


Robert Frank directing
THE SIN OF JESUS
[Photo by Johnny Cohen]

Meanwhile, what of the artists, poets, experimenters in America,
who must work as if
they were
secret members of
the underground?

**"I am a refugee from
Occupied Hollywood."
—ANDRIES DEINUM**

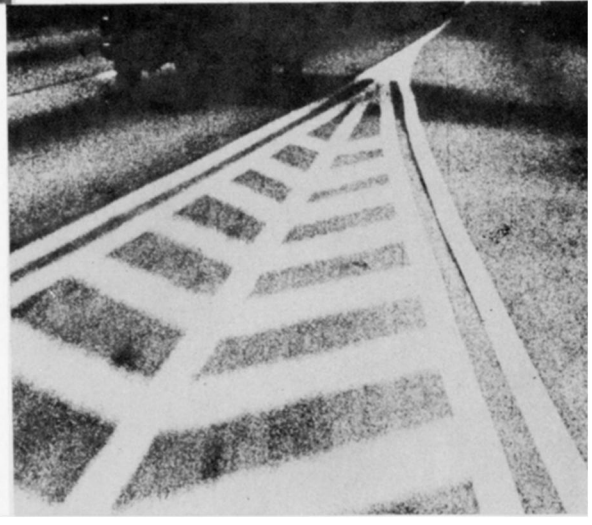
Anais Nin in THE BELLS OF ATLANTIS



Shirley Clarke
on the set of THE CONNECTION
[Photo by Gideon Bachmann]

From ALA-MODE
by Stan Vanderbeek

From HIGHWAY
by Hilary Harris



"The most exciting thing in film is movement. The rhythmic, pulsing, changing progression of images on the screen of a darkened room can be endowed with all the power and magic or delicacy that one can imagine. Out of our eyes all things move and express themselves in their movement. The action of shapes in reality or the abstract can have a wonderful range and depth of communication, from the flick of a cat's tail to the majesty of the earth's rotation. When you begin to think about it every mood, character, animal or place has its kind of movement and, conversely, every movement expresses something."

—HILARY HARRIS

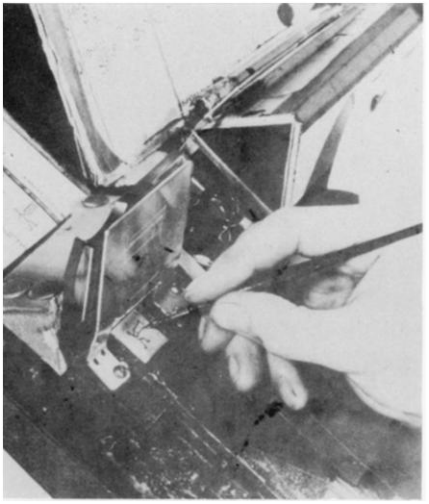
They conjure what they hope will be explosives vivid enough
to rock the status quo:
weapons as potential as fusion, for art
can be as important as politics, the artist's hand more important
than armament!

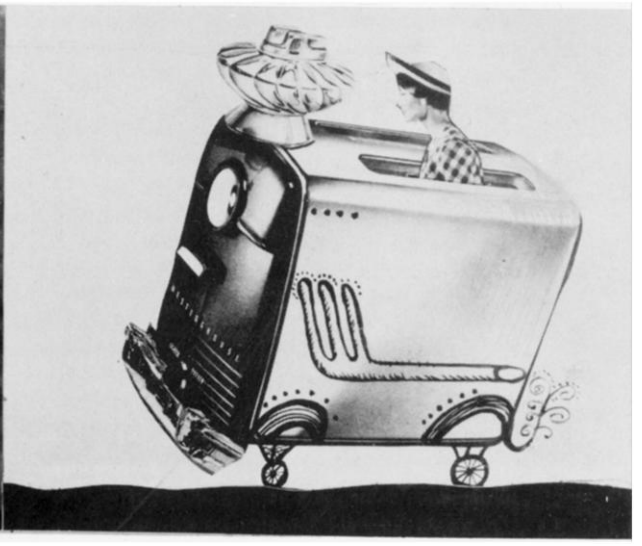
They use any ingredient that comes to hand.

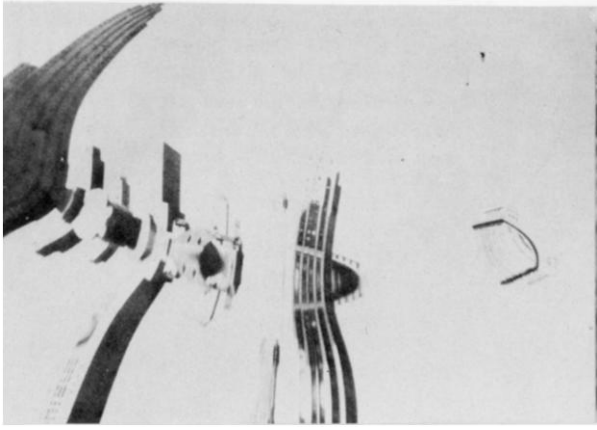
"The first animation stand that I ever built was built around a former lobster crate and for more than a year every time the photo-floods were on long enough to heat up the box out wafted this essence of dead lobster. I've made about five different stands since that one. Many of them were temporary rigs contrived out of things at hand in the places we were renting for short periods. One of these, I remember, was mounted over our bed frame, the mattress being moved back into place at night. For a short animated sequence I did in a French film a couple of years ago, I rented a stand in a dank cave on the outskirts of Paris. It was an unbelievably dismal place with a dirt floor and dripping ceiling. Anyhow, the owner of the camera and the stand I was using was a young Pole who was captured by the invading Russians, joined the Russian Army and took the camera I was using off a Messerschmitt on his way into Germany with the victorious Russians in 1945. His equipment was all home-made and made much and varied use of 'C' clamps to hold things together, as I have since. This summer I had a chance to work on a $17,000 Oxberry stand. This consists of a whole room full of machinery with blinking lights and an airliner type of dashboard, etc. All very impressive to look at but after using it a bit I realized I could do most of these things with my own jerry-built table and sit down at it besides, which you can't do at this monster. Somehow this discrepancy between cost and usefulness is typical of the whole industry. My films are made for little more than most people spend on home movies . . . the problem is how to put a lot of money into a thing which regardless of acceptable polish, for other reasons has no chance of wide enough distribution to ever pay it back. The only answer I can see without prostitution, which is no answer, is to sharpen one's defenses against the temptation to substitute effect for expression and somehow manage to build in the crudeness so it isn't that any longer. One thing many film experimenters have done is to show that film is manageable by one man and the results often much better for it."—ROBERT BREER

CAPTIONS ▶

Norman MacLaren drawing on film
CHANGEOVER, *by J. Marzano*
N.Y., N.Y., *by Francis Thompson*
GUNS OF THE TREES, *by Jonas Mekas*
WHEELS, *by Stan Vanderbeek*
INTROSPECTION, *by Arledge*

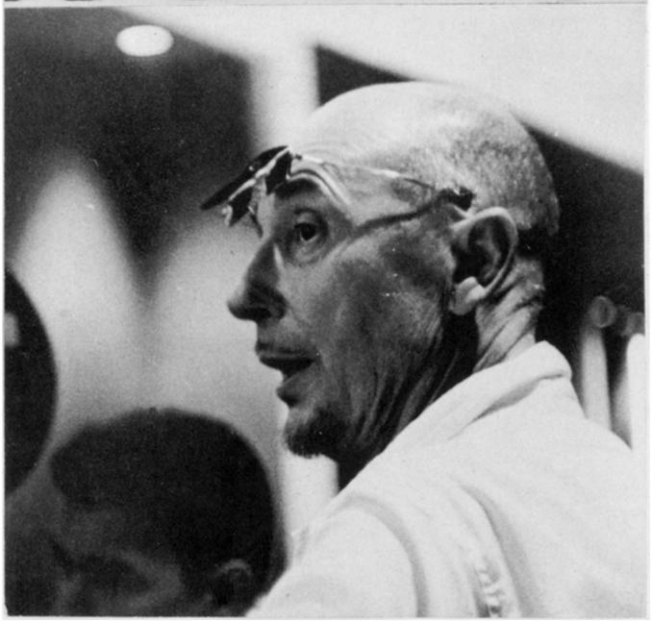






Jonas Mekas directing GUNS OF THE TREES

Robert Frank directing THE SIN OF JESUS



Len Lye

The film is not a fad,
it is not a product,
it is not destined to decorate
drive-in parking lots,
it is not destined to put us
to sleep
but to wake us up.
It is the language of the new art
of our time, and it is an
international language.

"I make films because there is something I want to say . . . if one wants to enough, finally one says what one wants to say on film. Same thing with poetry, painting, acting, only it is more difficult to persist and prevail in making films, besides coming from philosophy to films: I am again and again impressed with the unlimited possibilities you have . . . providing it is your film. I believe a good film (any kind of experimental, abstract, etc.) is made by one person . . . despite the considerable effort the making of my films represents (PULL MY DAISY and THE SIN OF JESUS) if your aim is high it should be you that comes through the most . . . (in contrast to where the stars shine, music blasts, color splashes, and blood flows). Films should be made by intelligent people, in television there is enough room for the rest. It's so hard to make a good film but that's why I want to do it no matter what."—ROBERT FRANK

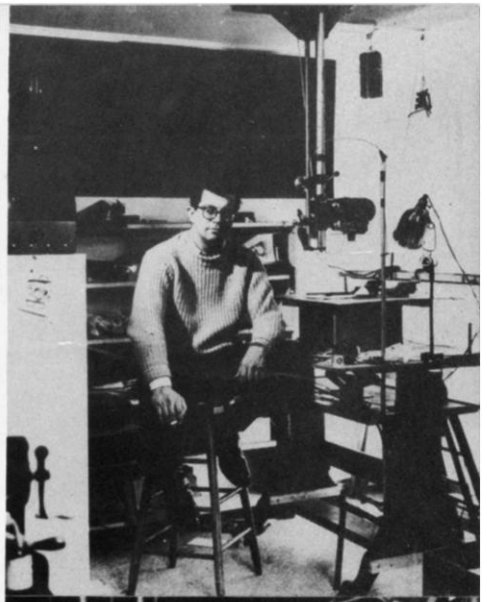
"I intend for my films to not only bear repeated viewings but to almost require it and in this way I suppose they are more related to the plastic arts than to literature. There is usually no denouement in my films in the usual dramatic sense but more of a formal structure appealing (I hope) directly to the senses. My ideal public, therefore, is the art-collector type who would own a print of the film and run it from time to time for the same kind of kicks he might get from a painting."

—Robert Breer

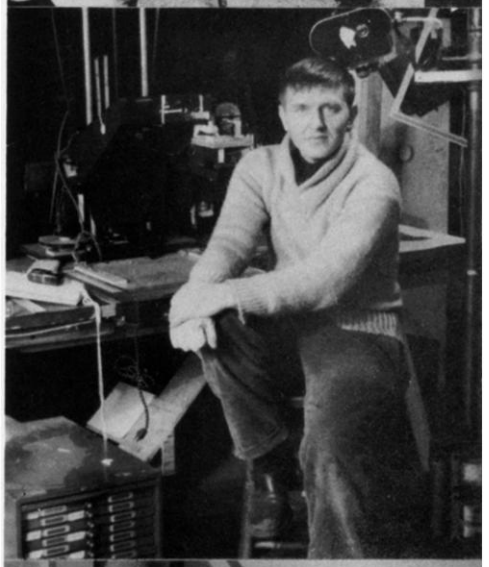
Consider what the film experimenter
is about. He is dealing with the substance
of our visual reality.
With how we seize the world
(or are seized by it).
Motion, time, space, light, shadow:
he is walking the thin edge
between the dream state and the objective
world;
he is picking his way with the methodically
accurate linear instrument the camera,
glimpsing 24 intervals of sight per second.

"How hard it is, when everything encourages us to sleep, though we may look about us with conscious, clinging eye, to wake and yet look about us as in a dream, with eyes that no longer know their function and whose gaze is turned inward."—A. Artaud[1]

He struggles with the form as well as the means,
he endures the necessary creative waste,
the stillborn projects that litter the mind.
It is not
a business, with profits to be made.
Yet it requires money. Or we cannot grope toward



Robert Breer



Stan Vanderbeek

Ed Emshwiller

the unconscious image-seeking and making
an evolutionary process of
creating new symbols and meaning
or the actions needed to invade the
body social
with film art. (Say: Gallery-Theaters for
the screening of films so that
collectors
might buy them as they buy
etchings:
a private attitude for the
viewer as for the film-maker.

"If the screen is an important image for entertainment, which is a helluva big industry . . . and for education which has become more and more important . . . and with satellites we are going to be able to get world wide distribution . . . what you're dishing out, the manner in which you are dishing it out should be worthy of the medium. The educationalists and the entertainment people should realize that they have got to find their development through the basic research and discovery which the creative film boys are doing, this is a very simple proposition, they do it in all the other fields, why don't they do it in the screen presentation areas?"—LEN LYE (CONVERSATION)

Cinema is the perfect
mirror surface for art.
but we do not yet understand
its laws of reflection.

"Yet out of this crude equipment came some of the finest photography seen on the screen, and the catalog of innovations is staggering. Many of these innovations began as accidents, which Bitzer turned into practical techniques. A less imaginative and courageous director than Griffith would have hesitated to recognize their esthetic and dramatic value. . . . Inadvertently, by closing the camera iris to the small diameter demanded by brilliant sunlight, Bitzer had brought the end of his lens hood into focus. When Griffith saw the projected film he was far from disappointed. 'He got very excited,' Bitzer told the writer, 'and asked me how I'd gotten the new effect.'"—IRIS BARRY, in *D. W. GRIFFITH* (Museum of Modern Art)[2]

[1] *The Theatre and Its Double*, by Antonin Artaud. Translated by Mary Caroline Richards, published by Grove Press. Reprinted by permission.

[2] *D. W. Griffith*, by Iris Barry. Published by the Museum of Modern Art. Reprinted by permission.

"When my motion picture camera broke down and the painting on the easel reached an impasse, I grabbed some old exposed and discarded film and threw it into the bath tub. For good measure I sprinkled different color dyes into the water and waited. When the stew seemed gooey enough, I marinated it with a dash of alcohol. (Cognac was all I had. But I left a sufficient amount in the bottle for other purposes.) After scraping all the muck from the film, I mangled it a little more by stomping and sandpapering the emulsion side. Then I hung it up to dry. Finally I cut it up into two feet lengths and began to draw directly on the film with ink. When I glanced at what I had done under a viewer, I was shocked! ! I had made a film! ! So . . . I titled it A TRIP and ran out to find some kind of music to fit, only to find I had the music I needed right here in the studio, a beat up old dusty record . . . somewhat scratched. After distorting the music by speeding up the turntable, I had it put on a soundtrack, cut the film to fit and had them married in one print. The whole production with three finished prints cost me the enormous sum of Twenty-Five Dollars! ! Hollywood could do it all for a slightly larger budget."—CARMEN D'AVINO

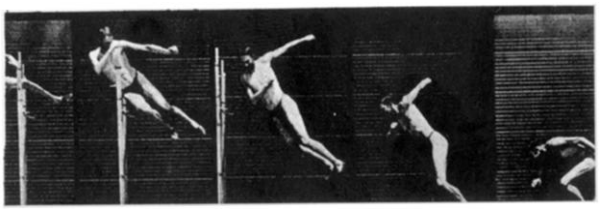
We know the eye will follow a moving image more closely
than a stationary one, by the instinct of the
beast in the field or the man at the intersection.
We are all compelled toward motion and change and
moving pictures.

This is the mechanical metaphysic of our time.

"It is possible that after nearly 400 years of art that has been preoccupied with artificial realism (growing directly out of the theory of perspective and its effect on the senses) this preoccupation has at last reached its ultimate form in photography and in particular motion photography. It is part of the interesting intrigue of art that at this same juncture in the crossroads of art, with the perfection of a means to exactly capture perspective and realism, that the artist's visions are turning more to his interior, and in a sense to an infinite exterior, abandoning the logics of aesthetics, springing full blown into a juxtaposed and simultaneous world that ignores the one-point-perspective mind, the one-point-perspective lens."—STAN VANDERBEEK

We do not say "experimental painting"; painting is
a repaired medium,
constantly patched and reworked through the centuries,
accepted through endless growth. Is the label
"experimental film"
to say that we cannot deny
the cinema is still an
unknown, only hinted at
by hindsight, fantasy, dreams,
hallucinations, comedy?

THE END



DAVID STEWART HULL

Forbidden Fruit: The Harvest of the German Cinema, 1939–1945

Because of their presumed effectiveness as propaganda, films have been extremely "sensitive" under totalitarian regimes, and they are among the most intriguing cultural artifacts of such regimes. We have learned much about the role of film-makers in Stalinist Russia and fascist Japan from two recent books: Leyda's KINO *told us what came before* POTEMKIN *and added much new information on what came after; Richie and Anderson in* THE JAPANESE CINEMA *explored a complex background of prewar and wartime production almost totally unknown in the West. The following article attempts to fill in one of the remaining lacunae: the Nazi cinema. Kracauer psychoanalyzed the pre-Nazi cinema in* FROM CALIGARI TO HITLER; *some Nazi documentaries have been carefully studied; the work of Leni Riefenstahl has been dealt with in these pages [Fall, 1960]. But the rest of the films made in the Nazi period by the highly developed German film industry, which in the 'twenties had attained a peak of world-wide artistic prestige, have seldom been seen and never objectively assessed. Some of these films were hideous; some were vapid; a high proportion were not political in any direct sense. Some of the directors were talented, and some not talented; some were devoted to the regime, and some were hacks. In such respects the Nazi cinema perhaps resembled film industries elsewhere far more than it differed from them—as Nazism itself, indeed, was no isolated phenomenon. Much remains to be discovered before we have a clear understanding of the Nazi film. However, the article below begins the task of confronting this period in a spirit of objectivity that can deal both with the appalling anti-Semitic films and the spectacular fantasy of* MÜNCHHAUSEN.

The history of the German feature film between 1939 and 1946 is a "Dark Age" not only because so little is known of it, but also because what *has* been written is generally incorrect, and often the facts have been deliberately distorted to fit personal philosophies of all shades.

The basic problem stems from the simple fact that the films of this period are almost entirely unavailable today for study purposes, except from the largest archives fortunate enough to hold what is left of the collections seized after the war by allied governments. Even then, permission to see these films is difficult to obtain, and the recent outbreak of Nazi-inspired "incidents" has made the powers that be even more sensitive on the matter. A number of large private collections do exist, including at least one in America, but the owners are unwilling to advertise the fact due to the somewhat unorthodox means by which prints were obtained in the early 1940's from their original owners. Film societies, which might be expected to show films of this period, had available for their use at last check only one war-period feature film, the completely unpolitical *Rembrandt* (1942) by Hans Steinhoff.

The researcher is therefore first forced back to the meager comments published in the general histories. And what has been published is truly startling. Many historians completely ignore the period, admitting honestly that they have never seen any of the films. A far more common attitude is to damn the entire wartime product because it was made by the Nazis and therefore must be bad. One of the few historians who really knows what was going on during the period spoils his generally accurate observations with interpolated Marxist dogma. Another important source is rendered quite valueless by the fact that the authors, well-known French fascist sympathizers, have interpolated their extremist political views. The German histories are extraordinarily coy on the whole period and rush through it as quickly as possible, stressing the nonpolitical films.

Therefore the researcher is forced to disregard virtually everything written about this period and to go back to primary sources, the films themselves, together with production data and official statements. From these he must attempt to be objective against nearly overwhelming odds.

The history of the Nazi period in the German film falls nicely into two parts. The first, from 1933 to 1939, which does not concern us here, is well explained and documented by Georges Sadoul.[1] The second phase, from 1939 to 1946, began (in the words of H. H. Wollenberg) only when Hitler's

> ". . . position at home and abroad was sufficiently consolidated for his war machine to be set into motion . . . (then) did the Nazi film enter its second phase. The concentration of finance, production and exploitation had now been carried out completely and prepared for psychological warfare inside and outside Germany."[2]

In late 1938 the last independent studio, Bavaria in Munich, was absorbed into the state machine. Goebbels could point with pride to the fact that by 1940 cinema attendance had risen 70% over the 1932 level. Whatever the reasons for this growth, the industry kept up with public demand, and despite great difficulties and restrictions of wartime production produced a total of 572 feature films between 1939 and 1945.

Oddly enough, the percentage of films made during the entire Nazi period with direct political content was relatively small. In the 1951 catalogue of forbidden films,[3] published by the allied control commission, a viewing of 700 "suspect" features revealed only 141 that were politically objectionable, and some of these were restricted on admittedly slight grounds. (During the 1939–1945 period, 22 films were banned by the Nazi censor on political grounds.)

The feature films with political content were largely produced by special order of the Reich Propaganda Ministry and entirely financed by that body. These *Staatsauftragsfilms,* however, total only 96 of the 1097 features produced during the 1933–1945 period. The following

study will be concerned largely with these films, for they are the most important as well as the most interesting of the wartime period.

A secret 1941 UFA production plan, published for the first time in Sadoul,[4] gives an over-all thematic picture of great interest. A slightly condensed section is worth reproducing here, and I have indicated with an asterisk those films which were actually completed.

1. One Man Moves World Opinion.
*_Ohm Krüger_. A film of Emil Jannings. Directed by Hans Steinhoff. The story of the leader of the Boers and his fight for his people and country against the bloody English colonial policy.
2. England Under the German Microscope.
*_An Irish Tragedy_ (final title _Mein Leben für Irland_)
The Opium War
One Against England (_Thomas Paine_)
*_Titanic_
The Great Game (_Secret Service_)
3. Great Men in German History.
*_The Great King_. Directed by Veit Harlan. Life of Frederick II
*_Bismarck_. Directed by W. Liebeneiner
Fathers and Children. German colonial expansion
4. German Men in Combat.
The Lützow Escadrille. Luftwaffe propaganda
*_Men Against the Storm_ (final title _Heimkehr_). Anti-Polish
The Island of Ill Repute. Anti-Polish
The Wreck. Naval combat in Napoleonic Wars
The Road towards the Native Land. Lünebourg in America
5. German Masters and Their Works.
*_Friedrich Schiller_
Agnes Bernauer
Bayreuth
6. A Film by Leni Riefenstahl.
*_Tiefland_
7. Classic Operettas.
*_Operette_ (Willi Forst)
Wiener Blut (Willi Forst)
8. Problems of Youth of Today.
*_Head High, Johannes!_ National-political education
Jakko. The Hitler-youth in action
9. Problems of Everyday Life.
10. A Military Adventure Film.
*_Trenck, der Pandur_ (Herbert Selpin)

It is interesting to compare this thematic analysis with that provided by the allied control commission in their report. I have indicated the number of forbidden films in each category.

1. National Socialist Propaganda (9)
2. Nazi Party Propaganda (2)
3. Nazi Youth Propaganda (7)
4. Mass Political Propaganda (4)
5. Historical-militarist Propaganda (8)
6. Historical-political Propaganda (4)
7. Historical-romance with Propaganda (8)
8. Racial Propaganda (1)
9. Anti-Semitic Propaganda (4)
10. Austrian Anschluss Propaganda (1)
11. Anti-British Propaganda (8)
12. Anti-American Propaganda (4)
13. Anti-Soviet Propaganda (4)
14. Anti-Polish Propaganda (2)
15. Anti-Czech Propaganda (1)
16. Anti-Yugoslav Propaganda (1)
17. Euthanasia Propaganda (1)
18. Army Propaganda (7)
19. Luftwaffe Propaganda (7)
20. Naval Propaganda (2)
21. Merchant Navy Propaganda (1)
22. Militarist Propaganda (6)
23. Resistance Propaganda (2)
24. Espionage and Sabotage Films (5)
25. Background Propaganda (12)
26. Films of Veit Harlan (entire output)

It is important to bear in mind that the second classification series covers the whole period 1933–1946. This is necessary to remember in the case of anti-American propaganda features, all of which appeared before 1941, when the official word went out that Americans were to be treated favorably, and that emphasis was to be switched to anti-Soviet propaganda. The two films of purely Nazi party propaganda appeared in 1933, and this category was never repeated despite the impressiveness of the two works.

As informative as these thematic classifications may be, the best method of purely cinematic analysis is to follow works of individual directors. During the 1939–1946 period, there were 37 major directors at work in the state-controlled industry. Of these, 27 are currently

at work in the West German film industry, three have died, and the other seven have either retired or disappeared completely. It must be underlined here that only a handful of the 37 worked on films with political content, yet a surprising number of these directors are still in business, as will be seen below. In the following analysis, I have not discussed the works of Leni Riefensthal [see *Film Quarterly,* Fall, 1960] nor those of Helmut Käutner, whose wartime films are very difficult to obtain and whose position deserves a far longer study than is possible here.

If one director's name is associated more closely with the Nazi party than any other, it is that of Veit Harlan. Harlan was the son of a playwright and began his career as an actor, also writing scenarios for Thea von Harbou (wife of Fritz Lang). His directorial debut occurred in *Krach im Hinterhaus* (*Crash in the Backroom*) in 1935. He specialized in *kitsch* comedies, and his popularity with audiences and officials rose rapidly. Believing him capable of better things, the government in 1937 gave him his first politically important film, *Der Herrscher* (*The Ruler*), an Emil Jannings vehicle about the persecution of a Hitler-like industrialist. When the film was awarded the Coupe Volpi at the 1937 Venice festival, Harlan's position as the "official" director of the regime was virtually assured.

Despite the success of this film, Harlan was put back to less spectacular fare, including the anti-French *Verwehte Spuren* (*Covered Tracks* —1938), and a curious remake of the Sudermann tale which had served as the basis of Murnau's *Sunrise* ten years earlier, *Die Riese nach Tilsit* (*The Journey to Tilsit*—1939). The most important film of this period was the lavish *Das unsterbliche Herz* (*The Immortal Heart*— 1939), a biography of the inventor of the pocket watch.

Harlan's name would probably be forgotten today were it not for his next film, the notorious *Jud Süss* (1940). Lion Feuchtwanger's novel had been filmed in England in 1932 in a heavy Germanic fashion by Lothar Mendes with Conrad Veidt in the title role. It has never been clear why this extremely involved and quite uncinematic novel by a Nazi-proscribed author should have been picked for filming, save for the obvious opportunity of making it into an anti-Semitic vehicle. Although race propaganda had been already inserted into numerous features, this was the first large-scale attempt by the Nazi regime in this direction, and no expense was spared to put the message across to German audiences.

Werner Krauss as Rabbi Löwe (left) and *Ferdinand Marian as Süss Oppenheim in Harlan's* Jud Süss *(1940).*

The finished film was the combined work of Harlan, Dr. Franz Hippier, and Werner Krauss. Hippier was Goebbels' right-hand man in the propaganda ministry, and was responsible for perhaps the most hideous documentary-propaganda film ever made, *Der ewige Jude* (*The Eternal Jew*—1940). Current publicity reported Harlan and Krauss "greatly inspired by Hippier's film." The famous Krauss had a hand in the script, which gave him a double role as well as every possible opportunity to overact in the worst German tradition. Harlan was also given one of the best photographers of the period, Bruno Mondi, and the best composer, Wolfgang Zeller, who had earlier written what many consider the finest film score ever composed—that for Carl Dreyer's *Vampyr.*

What emerged from this collaboration is a distorted and rather dull version of the original novel. Süss Oppenheim of Frankfurt (Ferdi-

nand Marian)* makes a number of large loans to the Duke Karl Alexander of Württemberg (Heinrich George), in return for which he is given financial control of the Duchy, with authority to collect taxes and tolls. Against the advice of the old Rabbi Löwe (Werner Krauss), he overextends his power. With the help of his near-hysterical secretary Levy (also Werner Krauss), he abducts the beautiful Dorothea Sturm (Kristina Söderbaum) and brutally rapes her while her husband is tortured by Süss' servants in the cellar. Dorothea manages to escape and drowns herself. The whole story is made known and the Duchy is at the point of revolt when the Duke suddenly dies. His protection gone, Süss is brought to trial and is condemned to death. As the Jews leave the city, the judge remarks: "May the citizens of other states never forget this lesson."

This film formed the main indictment against Harlan in his 1950 trial in Hamburg for "crimes against humanity." Citing the rape of Dorothea as a particularly vile piece of anti-Semitism, the prosecutor charged that the film "made a direct appeal for the most abominable massacre of modern times." Yet after carefully viewing the film, one is impressed more by its restraint than by its reputed hysteria.

Jud Süss is really neither good propaganda nor even very good entertainment, and the fault can be laid to Harlan's weak direction. Faced with an extremely verbose script, even by period standards, he failed to treat it in a cinematic manner, preferring to use the stodgy techniques of the filmed theater. In the interiors, the camera remains fixed and the cross-cutting is extremely unimaginative. However, the exteriors are usually exciting, and the execution sequence in the falling snow, obviously patterned closely after Mendes' realization, has a grim power that is hard to deny, although hardly the "joyous crescendo" that one pair of critics have called it.[5] Perhaps as odious as any anti-Semitism that may be in the work is its unhealthy air of sadism (a mark of most of Harlan's films), which comes to the surface in the particularly nasty torture scene. And finally, Harlan was obviously intimidated by his players, allowing them to overact to the point of absurdity. Seldom has so much been made of so little, for *Jud Süss* is a minor work even by the standards of its own period.

The film was premièred in Berlin in late September, 1940, to celebrate the victory in France; by Christmas it was playing in 66 theaters in Berlin alone, and was exported all over occupied Europe. In France, partisans put bombs in theaters that played it, and it generally had little success outside of Germany, although it won an award at the fascist-controlled Venice festival in 1941.

Even today, *Jud Süss* is still an active issue. Harlan himself destroyed the negative in April, 1954, but shortly after it was reported that a print was sold to Beirut and Cairo, dubbed in Arabic. Terra, the original production company, claimed a cut of the profits on the basis of fifty-year rights. A long investigation followed, and the embarrassed Bonn government claimed the film was being distributed openly in the Arab states through Sovexport, via East Germany.[6] As recently as 1959, another negative was seized in Lübeck from a dealer who planned to sell it for $100,000 to the brother of King Ibn Saud.[7] Undoubtedly the last is not yet heard of this strange film.

At this point in Harlan's development, it is worth while to review some of the personnel of his stock company. This group, which not only acted in most of his films but also helped on scripts and various other production details, was headed by Kristina Söderbaum. Born in Stockholm, she met Harlan at drama school in 1928 and married him a few years later. Her quite remarkable Nordic beauty made her a natural choice for leading roles, but her acting

* Marian, a suicide shortly after the war, was a specialist in villainous parts, but had his best role in Käutner's *Romanze im Moll* (1943). The general level of scholarship on this period can be evidenced by the fact that three books credit Krauss with the role of Süss, and another devotes a lengthy footnote explaining why Stefan Zweig's novel [*sic*] was used as the basis of the film.

always remained woefully inadequate and was sometimes ludicrously funny. Appearing as one hapless heroine after another, she was dubbed by amused cinema-goers *"Reichswasserleiche,"* an almost untranslatable title denoting her position as the official drowned maiden of the Reich, meeting a watery end in almost all of her films.

The "heavies" in most Harlan films were portrayed by Heinrich George, long a favorite on both the stage and the screen. Born as Heinrich Schmidt in Stettin in 1893, his first important role was as the boiler-room foreman in *Metropolis.* His enormous popularity reached its peak in 1940 with his fine characterization of the title role in Ucicky's *Der Postmeister* (*The Postmaster*) from Pushkin's story.

Reportedly a communist in his youth, George became a fanatic Nazi in the early 'thirties, kept a shrine to Hitler in his house, and on at least one famous occasion forced his guests at a dinner party to fall on their knees and give thanks to the Führer. For his devotion he achieved considerable *ex-officio* power in the film industry, bullying directors and fellow actors, and becoming more unmanageable as his importance increased. In 1945, while making three films simultaneously, he was suddenly captured by the Russiains, and died under mysterious circumstances in Sachsenhausen concentration camp in late September, 1946.

Harlan was greatly interested in the possibilities of color in the film, and the impressive results of the first Agfacolor release, George Jacoby's *Frauen sind doch bessere Diplomaten* (*Women Are the Best Diplomats* – 1941) spurred him to make the well-known *Die goldene Stadt* (*The Golden City*–1942). Beautifully photographed in Prague in superb color, even by modern standards, it preached a lesson of "German Bohemia" showing the hard lot of the kind Germans in the land of the wicked Czechs.

Two further experiments in color followed, *Immensee* (1943), an innocuous adaptation from a Storm novel, and the unimportant *Opfergang* (*Sacrifice*–1944). Having mastered the tricky Agfacolor process better than any other director before or since, Harlan made his masterpiece, *Kolberg,* filmed between 1943 and 1944 but released in 1945. It has been written that this film was prepared as a last-ditch resistance effort in the closing days of the war, but this was hardly the plan when the film was originally conceived.

The story concerns the defense of the city of Kolberg during the Franco-Prussian War of 1806–1807. The militia proving untrustworthy, the mayor (Heinrich George) forms civilian battalions which defeat the enemy and bring about the Peace of Tilsit. The romantic interest is provided by the mayor's daughter (Kristina Söderbaum), and a strange pacifistic note is struck in the characterization of a young violinist caught in the war (Kurt Meisel). There is also an impressive performance by Paul Wegener (of *The Golem*).

However, the main interest of the film lies in what I consider the greatest color photography ever seen on the screen. Flesh tones are startlingly real, and there is an almost three-dimensional quality to Bruno Mondi's camerawork. The great battle scenes, with hundreds of magnificently costumed officers on white horses charging up the sand dunes, are quite unforgettable, as are the scenes in the flaming city itself. The film also contains about the most perfect bit of sentimentality of the German screen. In this scene George comforts the distraught heroine in the smoking ruins of the city,

From the battle sequence in KOLBERG *(1943–1944).*

while what is left of the town's inhabitants sing the familiar thanksgiving hymn under the blasted roof of the cathedral. Only in the stiff cross-cutting of the interior scenes does Harlan disappoint the viewer.

For some reason, Goebbels picked this film as his own personal project and no expense was spared, including the recruitment of thousands of extras. A double première was held in both Berlin and La Rochelle on January 30, 1945, the latter city being held by the *Wehrmacht.* Although the actual city of Kolberg was by this time besieged by the Russians, Goebbels had the film parachuted into the city for special showing. At the end of the war, the Russians obtained the negative, and reportedly show it frequently in the Eastern zone as anti-Western propaganda.

Although Harlan's position in the film hierarchy was unusually firm, near the end of the war his career was briefly jeopardized when a film script he had prepared was refused by the censor. At this point the war ended and Harlan was arrested, but had to wait until 1950 for his previously mentioned trial. Acquitted of the charges, having been made rather unjustly the scapegoat for the whole industry, he returned to film-making almost immediately, but with little success. His most recent works to be exported include *Anders als du und ich* (called *The Third Sex* in American release—1957) and *Liebe kann wie Gift sein* (released as *Girl of Shame*—1958), both slick and rather dubious investigations into the more sensational aspects of homosexuality and prostitution.

It is difficult to guess what the verdict will be on Harlan when his career is observed in more removed retrospect, but a few generalities can be ventured. Although an admitted opportunist, he nevertheless had enormous talent. Though light comedy was his best genre, he turned out some of the heaviest and most pretentious of all German films. A fine actor himself, he was seldom able to direct good performances from members of his company. His surface jollity covered a dark, sadistic-satanic streak in his character which managed to show itself frequently in his films. His works show the hand of a dedicated craftsman, but the final touch of genius is lacking.

Although Harlan is the best-known director of the 1939–1946 period, the finest was the unfortunate Herbert Selpin. From his first film in 1931 to his twenty-second and last twelve years later, he showed the touch of inspired genius which was missing from the works of most of his contemporaries. Lacking good political connections, his scripts were invariably from the second drawer, yet by brilliant direction and a sharp eye for casting he frequently achieved dazzling results.

Selpin chose to play a dangerous game. Never sympathetic to the Nazis, he refused to let politics spoil what he thought was a good film. His outspoken contempt and biting witticisms directed toward high-ranking party members kept him constantly in trouble, yet his films were of such high quality that he remained protected more or less by his own art.

Selpin had made his second film in England, and always remained a specialist in the British milieu and at one time filmed a stunning version of Oscar Wilde's *An Ideal Husband* (*Ein idealer Gatte*—1935). After a long series of romantic dramas and typical comedies, he moved into the realm of the biographical film with *Trenck, der Pandur* (1940), a somewhat tongue-in-cheek portrait of the famous military figure of the Maria Theresa period, delightfully acted by the late Hans Albers, a favorite Selpin star.

The film was a popular success and was immediately followed by *Carl Peters* (1941), a biography of the nineteenth-century colonialist who obtained large parts of Africa for Germany in spite of complete lack of coöperation at home. The film shows Peters (Hans Albers) as a benign bearer of Western virtues to the ignorant natives, although the historical Peters was relieved of his position as *Reichskommissar* due to his harsh treatment of the Africans. In the film the charge is brought against him through false evidence of a Negro bishop in the pay of the British secret service.

Alexander Golling as Wilhelm Bauer at the court of the Emperor of Bavaria in GEHEIMAKTE W.B.1 *(1942), directed by Selpin.*

From a purely visual point of view, the film is quite remarkable, with Franz Koch's camera catching the spectacular scenery and a truly barbaric riot utilizing thousands of Negro extras. Production work at Barrandow in Prague was supplemented with what appear to be real African location shots. The script, however, seems to have been of little interest to Selpin, who managed to squeeze much of the story line into lightning-quick episodes separated by lengthy and delightfully irrelevant asides. In the best, for no particularly good reason two British agents (subtitled in German) follow the hero to the London "Piccadilly Club" which provides the excuse for an enormous production number in which beautifully dressed dancers waltz to "A Bicycle Built for Two." The charming period score of Franz Doelle should also be singled out for praise.

The film was followed by the even more ambitious but in the end less convincing *Geheimakte W.B.1.* (*Secret Papers W.B.1.*—1942), a biography of Wilhelm Bauer, who invented the submarine in 1834. At the court of the King of Bavaria, Bauer (Alexander Golling) is able to finish his invention and to successfully submerge in the Chiemsee, where he also perfects underwater firing. Later experiments are sabotaged by a British agent, and Bauer accepts the invitation of the Grand Duke Constantine to continue his research at the Russian port of Kronstadt. All goes well until war breaks out in Germany, and Bauer and his workmen are refused permission to return to the fatherland. In an exciting finale, they board their improved submarine and break through the harbor gates a moment before they close. Their return, according to the script, marked the beginning of the new German navy, and the film closes with an epilogue superimposed over shots of Nazi U-boats: "It was still a long way from the first underwater ship to the present day U-boat, and from the first underwater firing to the present day torpedo, but a hundred years ago the deciding step was taken by Sergeant Wilhelm Bauer."

The main difficulty with *Geheimakte W.B.1.* is its script, which combines the worst excesses of historical-military propaganda with what amounts to an illustrated lesson on submarine building, complete with interminably explained blueprints and models. On the credit side, the casting of Golling in the title role was most fortunate and one wonders why this talented actor did not appear in more films of the period. Franz Koch's camera work is again exceptional, particularly in the sunny launching on the Chiemsee at the beginning of the film. Selpin's touch is less obvious here than in his other films; only in the grand court ball and the underwater sequences does he show his full talents. The film flounders when the slight romantic interest is inserted, and the scenes of the comic apprentices are extremely tedious.

However, the experience of shooting a naval film proved valuable to Selpin on his last work, *Titanic* (1943), one of the greatest of all German films. It is certainly the most gripping version of the incident made for the screen.* The film obviously had a personal significance for Selpin and one suspects he linked the sinking of the great ship with the inevitable fate of his country under the Nazis.

Titanic was another of Goebbels' personal projects and exactly why it was given to the

* An earlier version had been made in Germany by A. E. Dupont, called *Atlantic* (1929), with Fritz Körtner. Several clips from Selpin's film were used in the recent British re-creation of the disaster, *A Night to Remember.*

one director he particularly hated will never be clear. Goebbels felt that the film would be the best piece of anti-British propaganda possible, had the work put in the *Staatsauftragsfilm* category and allowed Selpin a few big names for his cast, including the popular Sybelle Schmitz.

The scenario, by three writers, views the disaster from the ordained political, anti-British point of view. The villain of the piece is Sir Bruce Ismay (Ernest Fübringer), who is determined to win the Blue Ribbon award for speed even if it involves putting the ship in real danger and going over the decision of Captain Smith (Otto Wernicke) to slow down in the iceberg region. The only man on board conscious of the impending catastrophe is the honest German first officer Petersen (Hans Nielsen), and when the ship sinks, he insures Ismay's rescue in order to bring him to trial. At the trial (a sequence without which a Selpin film would be incomplete) Ismay is acquitted and the blame is put on the drowned Captain—a "typical piece of British justice." Intertwined with the story of the disaster is the episode of the theft of the jewels of Lady Astor (Charlotte Thiele) and the caddish behavior of her husband (Karl Schönbück). But the great performance is that of Sybelle Schmitz as the enigmatic Sigrid, a black-wigged role which enabled her to use her famous seductive manner as never before. Her entrance down the grand staircase is perhaps *the* grand entrance of the motion picture; the episode is accompanied by Herbert Pataky's splendid score, and has to be seen to be believed.

As soon as the rushes began to filter out of the Tobis studios, the rumor began that something very peculiar was going on. Selpin, in his efforts to recreate the full horror of the disaster, brought the point too close to home at the expense of the propaganda. Following a preview of the partially completed film, from which the audience retreated visibly shaken rather than patriotically stirred, Goebbels went into a near-hysterical rage. Selpin was ordered to remake sections of the film. Following his stormy refusal to coöperate, he was taken off the film and the final stages were supervised by Werner Klingler. Goebbels believed himself personally humiliated by Selpin, and after some deliberation ordered him to active military

Sybelle Schmitz making her grand entrance in TITANIC *(1943), directed by Selpin*

service, despite his age. On the next day, Selpin committed suicide, ending the brightest career of the wartime German cinema.

Selpin never knew the whole curious fate of his masterpiece. Even Klingler could do little with it, and Goebbels had the film premièred in Paris on November 10, 1943, but banned it in Germany. It proved one of the most successful films shown during the war, its popularity being surpassed only by that of *Münchhausen*. At the end of the war, the *Freiwillige Selbstkontrolle* approved German release of the film and it was re-premièred in Stuttgart on February 7, 1950. In March, the British complained about the work, and even after heavy cutting to remove anti-British propaganda, it was refused clearance. Its main release to this date has been in East Germany.

Of Selpin's total output, only about a dozen films remain in the archives today. Yet this sampling gives ample proof of his enormous talents even if his name, eighteen years after his death, remains unknown, his films unscreened, his courage unpraised except by those who speak with awe of their association with him.

The cinematic work of G. W. Pabst during the war may always remain shrouded in mystery. In the late 1930's, his career going rapidly downhill after a series of disappointing films, the famous director retired to Austria, and found himself unable to leave after the *Anschluss*. In 1941 he was persuaded (or ordered) to return to the screen and make the almost unknown *Komedianten* (*Comedians*), a biography of Karoline Neuber (Kathe Dorsch), the eighteenth-century founder of the first stationary German theater. Of all the wartime films, this remains one of the most difficult to see today and very little information is available about it.

This was followed by the notorious *Paracelsus* (1942), a curiously angled biography of the fifteenth-century physician and surgeon, with Werner Krauss in the title role. Almost two hours long, and exceedingly verbose, it preaches the lesson of the poor-boy-made-good, a parallel scenarist Kurt Heuser tried to make with the career of the Führer. Dull as the film is, it does contain one sequence as good as anything Pabst made during the sound period. In this amazing passage a minor character, the juggler Fliegenbein (Harald Kreutzberg), looking like the Pied Piper gone berserk, becomes infected with the plague, and leads a cellar of refugees in a grotesque *Totentanz* to the accompaniment of Herbert Windt's ghostly score. For this section alone, the film deserves rehabilitation.

In the last days of the war, Pabst was working on a project which did not particularly interest him, the unfinished *Der Fall Molander* (*The Molander Case*). These are the known facts of his wartime activities.[8] Interviews with those concerned in production during the period suggest that Pabst, whether under duress or not, aided substantially in the production of a number of features and documentaries accredited to other directors. While this, obviously, cannot be substantiated, it is fascinating to speculate if this or that scene bearing a " Pabst touch" was actually part of his work.

Harlan shared the rewards of his position of "official director" with Hans Steinhoff (born 1882), one of the first to work for the Nazi industry, turning out the first important political film of the Reich, *Hitlerjugend Quex* (*Hitler Youth Quex*–1933). Dutifully working for the party, he later directed the grandiose *Der Alte und der Junge König* (*The Old and the Young King*–1935), with his favorite star, Emil Jannings. This was followed by the interesting though historically distorted *Robert Koch* (1939), also with Jannings.

Steinhoff's tour de force was *Ohm Krüger* (1941), the most elaborate of all the Nazi films, if not quite as impressive as *Kolberg* for sheer spectacle. Beautifully photographed by Fritz Arno Wagner, *Ohm Krüger* traces the life of the Boer leader (Emil Jannings) in a series of flashbacks from a hotel where he lies dying. The ideological conflict between his sons Jan (Werner Hinz) and Adrian (Ernst Schröder) is uncommonly well and honestly developed, illustrating some of the causes of the Boer War. However, the main purpose of the film was to provide anti-British propaganda and in this aim it succeeded remarkably. Rarely has any film presented blacker villains than Kitchener

(Franz Schafheitlin), Cecil Rhodes (Ferdinand Marian), and even Chamberlain (Gustaf Gründgens). In a neat twist, the British are credited with the creation of the first concentration camps, in which women and children are poisoned by the bad food and bayonetted by vicious guards.

Considerable humor is provided in the famous scene in which the whisky-swilling Queen Victoria (Hedwig Wangel) discusses her rheumatism with the equally infirm Krüger, while crowds gather outside the palace to speculate on the momentous meeting.

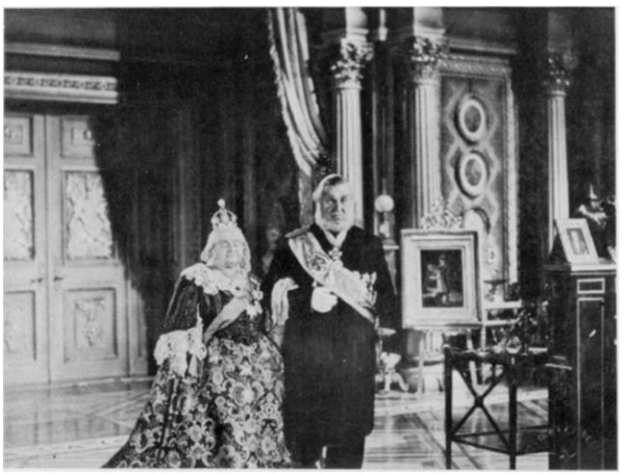
The film moves with agonizing slowness, and the interiors are singularly uninteresting. Jannings overacts consistently and the rest of the players either scream or whisper their lines. Theo Mackeben's music is introduced whenever things threaten to grind to a complete halt; a particularly notable example is the scene in which the Prince of Wales (Alfred Bernau) learns of the death of his mother while watching a Parisian cabaret show.

Ohm Krüger was premièred in April, 1941, and was picked as the best foreign film of the year at the Venice Festival. At home, it was designated the first "Film of the Nation," and Jannings was given the "Ring of Honor of the German Cinema" by Goebbels for his performance. It is interesting to note that the film was of such importance that two well-known directors, Herbert Maisch and Karl Anton, were called upon to supervise the spectacle scenes. Although Steinhoff continued to make other films, his career came to a virtual close with *Rembrandt* (1942), a handsome biography which is far better than its British counterpart.

Wolfgang Liebeneiner (born 1905) was one of the younger of the war-period directors. As a young man he showed extraordinary gifts as an actor, but soon switched to the cinema, where he specialized in playing juvenile-romantic parts. By 1943, at the age of only 38, he was made chief of production of UFA. A better actor and businessman than director, his major work was the two-part chronicle of German history, *Bismarck* (1940) and *Die Entlassung* (*The Release*—1942). The second film is far superior and the cast includes Jannings as Bismarck and Werner Krauss as the Geheimrat von Holstein. But Fritz Arno Wagner's camera and Herbert Windt's fine music proved unable to give the film much excitement. The oddest episode in the film occurs during Bismarck's final dismissal, in which Wilhelm II (Werner Hinz), portrayed as a homosexual, is shown as more interested in a piano-playing friend than in the ruin of his father's greatest statesman.

Between the two Bismarck films, Steinhoff directed the much discussed *Ich klage an* (*I Accuse*—1941), a two-hour euthanasia propaganda piece. The story concerns a doctor (Paul Hartmann) who performs the mercy killing of his wife (Heidemarie Hatheyer), dying of multiple sclerosis. The doctor confides in a friend, who turns him over to the police. During the lengthy trial sequence, both sides of the problem are fairly examined, and the final verdict is left to the spectator. Contrary to popular belief, the film contains no hysteria whatever and is a remarkably sober investigation of a difficult problem, handled with great taste.

After the war, Liebeneiner returned to direction but with little critical success. At least one film, *1 April 2000*, was released in America, and a *Dr. Mabuse* thriller was reportedly finished in 1955. During 1960 he completed three features.



Ohm Krüger (Emil Jannings) and Queen Victoria (Hedwig Wangel) discuss their rheumatism in OHM KRÜGER *(1944), directed by Steinhoff.*

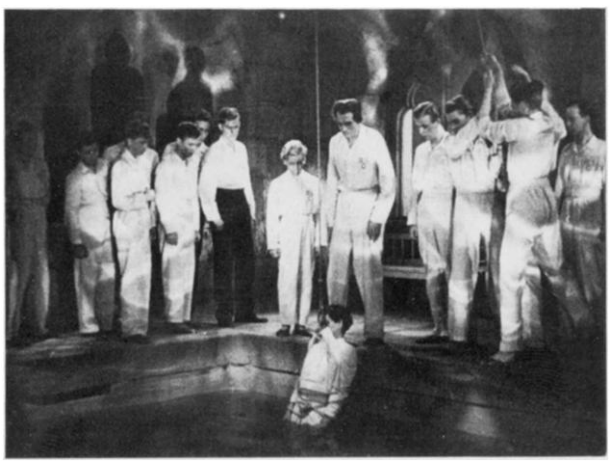
The official "hack" director of the period was Max Kimmich, whose films nevertheless have a curious fascination. Kimmich was particularly successful with juvenile actors, and for some reason was given both of the strange pro-Irish, anti-British epics of the time, *Der Fuchs von Glenarvon* (*The Fox of Glenarvon*—1940) and the somewhat better *Mein Leben für Irland* (*My Life for Ireland*—1941). The latter film concerns an eighteen-year-old Irish boy who is put into an English boarding school for the children of political prisoners. The excitement occurs with the Dublin revolt of 1922 in which the hero and his Irish-American friend Patrick help to save the day for the nationalists. Although the actors are a bit overage (and oversize) for short pants, and the continuity and editing betray a small budget, the battle scenes at the end of the film are enormously successful. In an apparent effort to equal Harlan's sadism, Kimmich inserts a scene in which Patrick is tortured by his school chums on the presumption that he is a traitor; there is also a well-directed anti-British scene in which the students refuse to sing the national anthem and burn the Union Jack amid great jubilation.

Equally spectacular and sadistic is *Germanin* (1943—pronounced with the accent on the last syllable), a biography of Dr. Achenbach (Peter Petersen), the discoverer of the sleeping-sickness vaccine, which was finally produced at the Bayer laboratories in 1914. He goes to Africa to help control the disease among the natives, but is blocked by the British secret service, which finally incites the natives to destroy his laboratory. In an incredible finale, the doctor and the English district commissioner both become infected by the disease. One bottle of the serum remains, saved from the ruins of the laboratory by a pet chimpanzee, and the noble doctor saves the life of his enemy and dies.

Germanin is an interesting example of the amount of money that the state was willing to spend on a *Staatsauftragsfilm*, this one apparently encouraged by the Bayer company, which received several plugs. The lavish production, filmed at both the Babelsburg–UFA studios and Cinecittá for the African sections, cannot disguise the appalling lack of taste in Kimmich's script. Soap opera clichés and a steely voiced narrator are mixed with low-comedy natives, assorted animals and what appears to be about a thousand feet of prewar UFA African documentary stock. Kimmich's special brand of sadism is particularly well displayed in an unpleasant scene in which Dr. Achenbach's assistant (Luis Trenker) allows himself to be bitten by the disease-carrying mosquitoes, the whole operation being visible through the glass walls of the insect cage.

The finest children's film of the war years is undoubtedly *Junge Adler* (*Young Eagles*—1944) directed by the highly talented Alfred Weidenmann. The rather unusual story shows the rehabilitation of the delinquent son of a rich airplane manufacturer through his work as a Hitler-youth laborer in his father's factory. The daily life of the boys is recorded with great skill and the photography of Klaus von Rautenfeld is unusually sensitive. A particularly brilliant montage occurs when the boys go for a sport holiday on the beach and the sequence ends with a beautifully designed tracking shot of the hero pulling his bicycle through the rising tide. The budget for this *Staatsauftragsfilm* was apparently very large, an unusual condescension for juvenilia, and two such well-known stars as Willi Fritsch and Herbert Hübner were in the cast.

The weakness of the film lies in its secondary story of a boy composer who has his composi-



Torture scene from MEIN LEBEN FÜR IRLAND *(1941), directed by Kimmich.*

Scene in the airplane factory: JUNGE ADLER *(1944), directed by Wiedenmann.*

tion played by an orchestra in the airplane factory at the film's climax. However, Hans Otto Borgmann's music is catchy enough, particularly the boys' marching song. And unlike most other juvenile films of the period, there is no sadism whatever, no violence, and no histrionics. Although *Junge Adler* appeared too late to be of much practical propaganda value, it can be considered highly successful in its theoretical aim of providing stimulus for youth to work in war plants. Weidenmann's talents have been most recently on view in a two-part version of Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks.*

While *Jud Süss* is the best known of the anti-Semitic films, Erich Waschneck's *Die Rothschilds Aktien auf Waterloo* (*The Rothschilds' Shares in Waterloo*—1940) is a far smoother and more convincing work. Violently anti-British as well as anti-Semitic, its fundamental nastiness puts it in a class by itself. Beautifully photographed and acted, by a cast which included Gisella Uhlen and the famous opera singer Michael Bohnen, *Die Rothschilds* remains one of the most viciously polished pieces of propaganda-fiction of the Nazi period.*

Brief mention should be made of the peculiar but amusing *Der unendliche Weg* (*The Endless Road*—1943), Hans Schweikart's affectionate biography of Friedrich List (Eugen Köpfer), who emigrated from Germany in the nineteenth century and helped set up the American railroad system. A large part of the film takes place in Pennsylvania, accompanied by a musical score which blends "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Yankee Doodle," and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" with blithe disregard for period. The film takes on an almost surrealist air in the appearances of an actor apparently portraying Andrew Jackson, complete with plaid vest, straw hat, and cigar. The lesson clearly implied in the film is that German-American solidarity is needed to destroy England. Throughout, America and its frontiersmen are treated with great affection, and the pace lags only in a long romantic interlude.

Let us end this investigation of the Nazi feature film with a look at *Münchhausen* (1940–1943), the most spectacular fantasy ever made anywhere, and certainly one of the most delightful bits of cinematic nonsense yet devised. In March, 1943, UFA was to celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary, and Goebbels decided that no expense should be spared to mark the occasion. The Hungarian-born director Josef von Baky, best known for his musicals and bittersweet romances, was picked for the job of directing the three-year project. Virtually every major star was recruited to play a part in the film, and the two-hour Agfacolor result was well worth the effort and expense of production.

Based on Raspe's version of Bürger's famous tall tales, the film breaks neatly into twelve spectacular episodes. At the beginning of the film we see a party in eighteenth-century costume, a delicate illusion which is shattered when one young lady slaps her escort and flees the party in her Mercedes. Münchhausen (Hans Albers) attempts to patch up the quarrel by inviting the couple back the next day to hear some of the stories of his famous "ancestor"

* The film concludes with the following epilogue, superimposed over a flaming star of David on a map of Britain: "As this film is completed, the last members of the Rothschild family are leaving Europe as refugees and escaping to their allies in England, where the British plutocrats are carrying on."

the Baron Münchhausen. In the first tale, he returns home to his father (Eduard von Winterstein) and indulges in some surrealist sight gags which defy description. In the next tale, he journeys to the court of Catherine the Great (Brigette Horney), which is presented in a carnival setting that looks as if it came from Benois's designs for *Petrouchka.* Having charmed the Empress, he draws the jealous wrath of Prince Potemkin (Andrews Engleman). By chance he is able to warn the famous magician Cagliostro (Ferdinand Marian) of a plot against his life, and in return is given the gift of eternal youth. Leaving St. Petersburg for the Near East, he is soon trapped in the middle of a war between the Turks and the Russians, which provides opportunity for much horseplay including the famous ride on a cannonball. He is captured and taken to the court of the Sultan Abdul Hamid (Leo Slezak, father of Walter) and saves his own life and those of his friends by an elaborate bet with the Sultan. He catches sight of the beautful Princess Isabelle d'Este (Ilse Werner), kidnapped by the Turks and held in the harem, and by making himself invisible rescues her. They escape by ship with the Sultan in hot pursuit and soon arrive in Venice. But the d'Este family, rather than welcoming their daughter back with open arms, have her locked up in a nunnery as a family disgrace. Her brother Francesco (Werner Scharf) fights a duel with Münchhausen in which, by means of some of the best trick photography ever devised, he loses not only his honor but also most of his clothes due to the Baron's magic sword. Fleeing hired assassins with his servant Christian (Hermann Speelmans), the pair escape in a convenient balloon anchored on the Grand Canal. Their flight takes them to the moon, where Christian soon dies, for there one day equals a year on earth. In a wild lunar landscape peopled by characters out of Tenniel, Münchhausen consoles himself with the beautiful daughter (Marianne Simson) of the Man in the Moon (Wilhelm Bendow). But at last he returns to earth. The scene changes back to the present, and the Baron reveals himself to be the real Münchhausen of the tales, not an ancestor, much to the fright and amazement of his guests. His Baroness (Käthe Haack) tells him to search for further adventure, but he renounces his eternal youth to stay with her.

A short summary can do little justice to this remarkable film. Despite its tongue-in-cheek tone, it nevertheless has at times a deeper quality, an autumnal sadness which lifts it far above the level of mere spectacle. The sumptuous decors of Emil Hasler and Otto Gulstorff range from the snowy glitter of the Russian court to

Münchhausen and Christian on the moon, in von Baky's MÜNCHHAUSEN *(1943).*

the pastry-cook harem, through the elegant Venetian palaces and finally into the bizarre blues, greens, and golds of the lunar landscape. To insure further authenticity, many of the Venetian scenes, including a regatta on the Grand Canal, were shot on location with thousands of extras. While some of the trick photography is a bit outrageous, such complexity of technique has rarely been attempted elsewhere. The music of George Haentzschel also deserves mention, particularly the tuneful interludes which link the many scenes. The film has been re-released in Germany by UFA and one is curious to know why no adventurous American distributor has bought it.

In such a necessarily brief look at the Nazi feature film, a number of minor but interesting directors have been omitted. These include the popular Gustav Ucicky; the skillful director of patriotic and anti-Russian pieces, Karl Ritter; the extremely talented Herbert Maisch whose pacifistic *Friedrich Schiller* (1940)* and spectacular *Andreas Schlütter* (1942) deserve mention; and such masters of "pure entertainment" as Willi Forst, Geza von Bolvary, Carl Froelich, Traugott Müller, and Paul Verhoevan.

What, then, can be observed in a short summary of these films? First, the dominance of the historical biography. Secondly, the almost complete refusal to film contemporary life except in the most innocuous musicals or *kitsch* comedies. Thirdly, the lack of any sex or romantic interest in most of these works and the emphasis on the all-male view of events. One also cannot help but notice the heavy sadism which takes the place of more obvious violence. And perhaps most important, it should be stressed that the technical skills of the German film industry were beyond reproach. *Mise en scène* and photography were at the highest level imaginable, perhaps at the expense of the scripts and actors. Propaganda on the whole was rarely as blatant and tasteless as in some of the American films of the same period.

* Available from the German consulate in Boston, unsubtitled.

With this carry-over from the war years, it is all the more difficult to understand why the present German film industry is in such a sorry state. The brief blossoming of talent at the end of the war seems to have been frozen out by the general mediocrity which surrounded it. The faces are the same, but whatever magic there once was has disappeared. It is hardly possible, then, simply to blame the present situation on the conditions of the wartime industry; for as this short study has shown, much of interest and lasting value was produced in the 1939–1945 period.

NOTES

1. Georges Sadoul, Le *cinéma pendant la guerre:* 1939–1945 (Paris, 1954), particularly pp. 7–14.
2. H. H. Wollenberg, *Fifty years of German film* (London, 1948), p. 40.
3. *Catalogue of forbidden German features and short film productions held in zonal film archives of the Film Section, Information Services Division, Control Commission for Germany* (Hamburg, 1951).
4. Sadoul, *op. cit.*, pp. 15–16.
5. Maurice Bardèche and Robert Brasillach, *Histoire du cinéma* (Paris, 1948), p. 508.
6. *Variety,* April 7, 1958.
7. *Variety,* December 12, 1959.
8. See *Cinemages* 3 for full credits of Pabst's wartime films.

[The author wishes to thank the following individuals and organizations whose help was invaluable in preparing this article: the staff of the British Film Archive and the British Film Institute, particularly Miss Dorly Minich, Miss Norah Traylen, and the Aston Clinton film archive staff; Mr. James Card of the Eastman House; The Cinémathèque Française; The East German Film Archive; The Czech Film Archive; the J. Arthur Rank Organization Ltd.; the British Foreign Office.]

DONALD RICHIE

Yugoslav Short Films

Contrary to the situation in most countries there is, in Yugoslavia, a place for the short film. This is not on television or in the art houses, but in theaters, showing along with the regular feature. The demand is so great, and the quality so high, that it is not necessary to import shorts from abroad. The industry makes only about 15 features a year, and therefore must import an average of 150—half of which are American—but this year it will make well over one *thousand* short films.

The categories are the same as in most countries: documentaries and educationals; children's pictures; the entertainment "featurette," and the animated short. A difference is the grouping: there will be almost 900 documentaries; a dozen films for children; usually less than 52 newsreels; and only 20 cartoons. The cartoons are best known abroad but the home audience is much more familiar with the documentaries. One distributor smiled and said: "The cartoons? Oh, you must go abroad to see them."

The documentaries are ubiquitous though—on the whole—better than those of most countries. One of the reasons is, I think, that the Yugoslavs had to develop their own style. Their feature film is sometimes indebted to foreign models (Renoir has had a beneficial influence; the average English or American all-talkie a pernicious one) but the short films have had no foreign mentors. One of the results is a kind of freedom. The Yugoslavs have not seen *Berlin* and *Rien que les Heures;* they have never read Rotha or Grierson, and they do not know *Night Mail* from the *Daily Mail.*

This freedom leads occasionally to home movies: ski-meets in Bled, poorly photographed; the life of the bald eagle in which most of the footage is spent in merely getting up the Macedonian mountains. And there is occasional "commercialism": lovely Dubrovnik—and it is lovely—seen entirely through the watercolors of some moderately talented local artist. But, more often, the freedom from influence results in a style which is both simple and strong.

Boatmen on the Drina (*Sblavari na Brini,* Bosna-film, Sarajevo), though in no way the best of recent documentaries, shows the approach. Given the subject, the life of the boatmen on a particularly unruly river, the director took numerous rides with them on their log rafts, trying to get the feel of the experience. He decided that he did not want the loggers dwarfed by the high canyon walls since he himself did not feel dwarfed, and so he cut out all overhead shots. He even left out the bridge at Višegrade, famous since its appearance in the Andric novel. The bumpiness impressed him and so he increased the effect by hand-holding his camera. Nights on the river, the rafts either drifting along in the broader stretches or anchored in a cove off the rapids, impressed him and these he intercut in the most natural manner, alternating night and day until the mouth of the river was reached. When the sea was reached the film was ended—a documentary by no means great but consistently honest.

Like most Yugoslav documentaries it was free of the omnipotence of a Dziga-Vertov, the cozy picturesqueness toward which the *Kunst* film

WOOD SCULPTURE IN MACEDONIA.

tends, and the inverse snobbery ("the noble boatmen doing their job") of the usual British or American product. It was simply a boat trip and its simplicity evolved from the idea that it was, after all, only a documentary.

The educational film, on the other hand, often has an ax to grind, though here too, as one producer told me: "We do not know enough to be tricky." A film showing the elements of geometry is done (simple stop-frame animation on a blackboard) with a starkness which most other countries would not inflict on a film-strip; a film on traffic regulations is composed of just that: numerous traffic regulations; a film on good manners merely shows everyone behaving properly. Indeed, in Yugoslavia, the educational film is definitely intended to educate.

More often, however, the approach is oblique, and any message involved is to be inferred. This is particularly true of art films, even a know-your-country art film. *Wood Sculpture in Macedonia* (*Mijacki Drovorezbari,* Bosnafilm, Sarajevo) is the simple examination of thousands of tiny carved figures in a single mosque. There is no visible commentator, just the magnifying lens and, at the end, a single backward dolly to show the entire room. *Children of the World* (*Deca ovog Sveta,* Bosnafilm, Sarajevo) uses children's drawings from the major countries, has each explained by a child in his original language, and frames the film with a simple story of a little Yugoslav girl going to an exhibition of children's drawings.

THE MISSING PENCIL.

Children's films are equally uncomplicated and *The Missing Pencil* (*Izugubljena Olovka,* Zora-film, Zagreb) is a thoroughly enchanting example of the genre at its best. A little boy, anxious—like most Yugoslav little boys—to get ahead, rather alienates his teacher. He always has his lesson done before the others; he seems to be asking for special attention. When a pencil is lost—and in the poverty-stricken hinterlands of Yugoslavia the loss of a pencil is serious—the teacher blames the child. He fights against this injustice but finally gives in to it, says that he took the pencil. At the climax of the film, a Christmas party with the teacher dressed as Santa Claus, he is so confused that he can no longer tell truth from falsehood. By the time the pencil is found, honesty has been so punished and deception so rewarded that he is well on his way toward becoming an habitual liar. But he is a brave little boy, and a smart one. Only when the teacher explains does he finally, for the first time, allow himself to cry.

The film is essentially ironic but entirely direct. Parallels with the adult situation are revealed but not stressed. The little boy does not represent lost innocence or anything of the sort. He is, in fact, quite responsible for his own difficulties. Yet the power of the film is that one feels strongly for the child. And the reason that one does is that one's sympathy has not been directly requested. Honesty and simplicity are enough to win the viewer over entirely.

Simplicity, like good intentions, however, is not always enough. The feature films sometimes betray an innocence of technique and a simplicity of imagination which is not good, and the same is true of the "featurette." There are exceptions, however. *The Sister* (*Patronazna Sestra,* Triglav-films, Ljubljana) is an interesting experiment. It is about a young social worker, and the camera follows her about during one day's visits. In so doing it shows the worst conditions within the country: poverty, alcoholism, prostitution—social evils to which Yugoslavia does not often admit. Shot almost entirely on actual locations, the film says that such things exist but at the same time suggests

that they will not always exist. This is done by purposely destroying synchronization between sound and image. We see the social worker and we watch conversations none of which we hear; the soundtrack carries only her own thoughts, and hopes.

The work of brothers (Bogdan Pogacnik wrote and Joze Pogacnik directed) the picture indicates something of a new direction for the Yugoslav film. It is now possible to make a picture critical, if hopeful. Further, the film obtained an export license, though because of distribution difficulties (Zagreb sees mainly Zagreb-made films, Beograd, those made in Beograd, etc.) it aroused little interest.

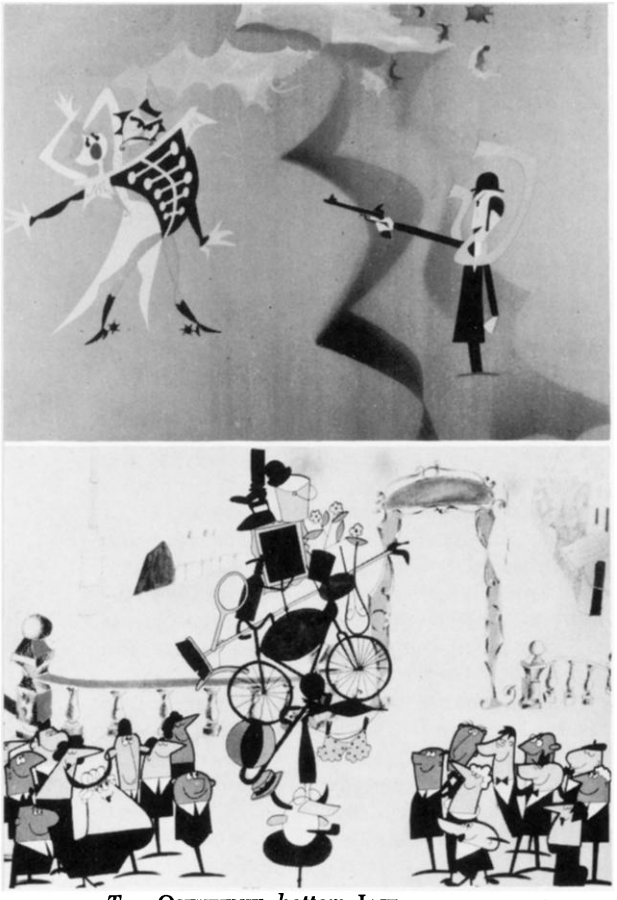
The picture had social intent, which is perhaps the reason it was allowed to be made. Films intended to be merely entertaining have more trouble. One of the most brilliant shorts I saw was *Pusher* (*Lakat Kao Takav*, Zagreb-film, Zagreb), a satire about getting ahead in the world. The opening scene shows a pair of twins, just born. There is a slow dissolve to the twins a bit later; one takes the bottle from the other and knocks him down. Later we see them (played by adult men) as schoolboys. One steals the other's lesson—the teacher punishes the innocent. Later the downtrodden one is sent to a possibly governmental clinic where elbows are strengthened. He graduates with honors—his elbow test is of the highest. He at once goes out, elbows his brother out of the way, and continues on right to the top. The film has great style, also elegance and wit. It is shot against enormous white cycloramas, and all props and costumes are black. The score comments on the situation and the acting is pantomime in the grand style.

Yet the film is relatively unknown. Antun Babaja, who directed it, is known abroad for his *Disagreement* (*Nesporazum*) a very wry and funny satire about what happens when an ordinary millstone gets exhibited in a modern art gallery, but he remains neglected within Yugoslavia—perhaps because his pictures are not "constructively" socially conscious, a fault in a socialist country.

Yet, interesting entertainment shorts are made. One of the most interesting is *The Other Side of the Street* (*Na Solncni Strani Ceste*, Triglav-films, Ljubljana), directed by a very young film-maker named Matjaz Klopcic. There is no story and the director's interest is almost entirely in technique. The film is about an old man who makes his living by cutting silhouettes on the town bridge, and it shows what he does every day. The subject could not be more dull and yet the picture is captivating. The images are very freely cut together, there is no concern for continuity since there is no story to be told, and the only commentary is that of modern jazz on the soundtrack. The approach is very casual and yet not frivolous—as the same technique has been in, say, the films of Godard—and perhaps part of one's delight in the picture is that it is so completely unostentatious, and that its only purpose is to entertain.

This, of course, the Yugoslavian cartoons do superlatively well. Those of Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Poland—not to mention those of England or America—cannot touch them. Here one finds all of the imagination and technical prowess that the Yugoslav feature film frequently lacks. One of the reasons is the relative youth of the cartoon industry. It is only 10 years old and has only been producing films in any number since 1955 when Zagreb-film set up a studio to house the unit. Another reason is the youth of those on the staff. There is no one more than 40 and the majority are about 30. Finally, and most important, most are refugees from feature production.

The way that features are made in Yugoslavia is this: a script is written and approved, but it must be approved by two boards. Each film company has its own management board and this is both controlled and neutralized by a workers' council, which is—naturally—controlled by the management board. The mutual check is always insisted upon. If the boards agree on a certain script then it is made into a film. After it is finished it is viewed and it may or may not be released, though the vast majority are. Though the system would seem fair enough, it



Top, OSTVETNIK; *bottom,* JAJE.

manages to discourage the rare creative voice that wants something the majority does not. Both boards are representative of the people: the workers' council members are elected, and those in management are obtained through selection. Yet, because of this, it is rare indeed that any film with intellectual or aesthetic pretensions is passed—or even offered, for that matter. The answer I usually received when I asked about this was: "What is the problem? What we want to show the people want to see. What they want to see we show." The writer or director is absolutely free, it was maintained, because "he must satisfy the people, and since he is one of the people he satisfies himself." The dilemma is complete and the Yugoslavian feature film suffers thereby.

The cartoon industry, on the other hand, has no such supervision. Artists, writers, and directors work in the most apparent freedom. Since the very nature of their medium insures popular approval they are not harassed by boards. And, consequently, it is here that one finds lightness, wit, irony, satire—all qualities for which one looks in vain in the average feature production.

Another reason for the excellence of the cartoons is that each has its own director. He works in harmony with the artist and the writer and together a visual style is decided upon. But he remains the director and the picture is his responsibility. This is unfortunately not true in the cartoon factories of other countries.

At the same time, writers, directors, even designers, are constantly changing positions. One picture's director may be the next picture's writer. Since the entire staff is self-taught and most came in originally as designers, each can do several jobs. Far from creating tension, this makes for the best possible working conditions, and further lends a fluidity which is very rare in the film world.

For this reason the Yugoslav cartoon has no "house" style—as does Disney, or even UPA. Graphically, all are antinaturalist and antitraditional. If the French do it one way, and the Russians the other, that makes two excellent arguments for doing it neither way.

Yet the Yugoslav cartoons do have some style elements common to them all. All are without dialogue, and all are accompanied by a synchronized musical score. This score is usually written before the film is created, the composer, director, writer, and designer all working together. The former already knows the story and so his music is composed with it in mind. But its cadences, its general tempo, even its length, is of his own choice. The music is initially the most important ingredient in the film; it becomes the base upon which all else rests. This is one of the reasons why the structure of Yugoslav cartoons is so strong. It is a musical structure, and music by its nature cannot help but be a formal art.

The score is recorded and then carefully stud-

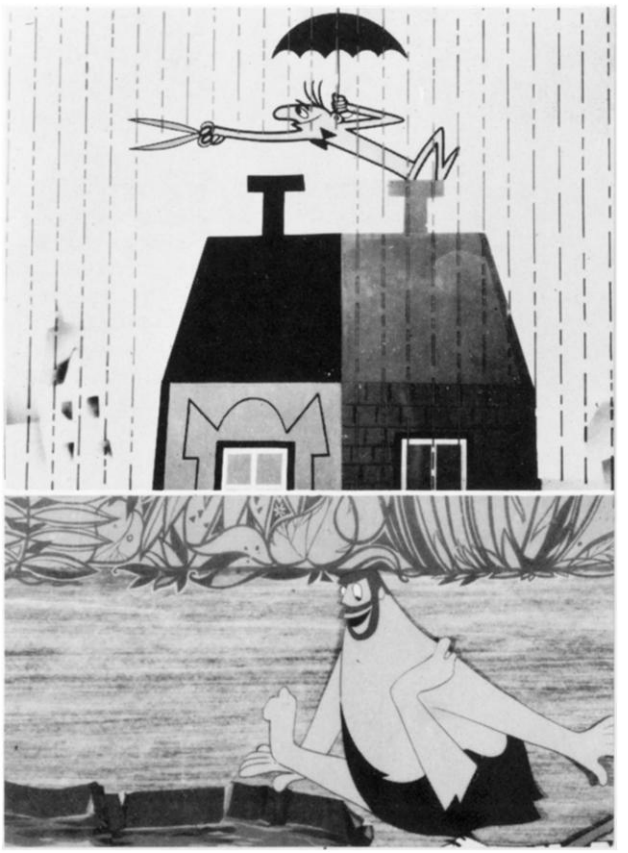
ied by writer, director, and designer. Bit by bit they build the cartoon above it, the music always determining the action. Consequently the score often determines the success of the film as a whole. The delightful *Piccolo,* a cartoon about two neighbors competing with various musical instruments, rests on Brandimir Sakac's completely apposite score. *The Inspector Returns Home* (*Inspektor se Vraca Kuci*), however, despite some fascinating visuals (a collage effect using real textures: cloth, metal, torn still photographs), was just as slow and dull as was its score.

The visual style is purposely, almost arrogantly simple. The Yugoslavs are about the last cartoonists left who realize that action is everything and consequently their style is athletic—there is not a frill or a bit of prettiness to be seen. Sooner or later every line inside the frame will be used. Sometimes, as in *All the Drawings of the Town* (*Svi Crtezi Grada*), the style of children is imitated. At other times, as in the cartoon version of *La Peau de Chagrin* (*Sagrenska Koza*), the style is purposely sophisticated. *The Egg* (*Jaje*) relies upon a "funny" cartoon style—everything is caricatured. For *The Revenge* (*Osvetnik*), however, with its Maupassant story, the style becomes nearly expressionist. All share in common, however, a visual vitality which only true simplicity can give.

The themes, likewise, vary. There is no continuing character—though Cowboy Jimmy, a hilarious parody of what most foreigners think the American cowboy to be, shows signs of becoming one. Likewise, the film-makers fully believe that cartoons are for adults and that they are not merely curtain-raisers for the feature. Consequently the Yugoslav cartoon treats adult subjects: love, war, ambition, envy—even death. These, however, are treated in a consistently satirical manner. Of last year's output over a third were out-and-out satires and even those labeled adaptations or filmed stories had a healthy amount of social comment, usually barbed. *Romeo and Juliet* (*Romeo i Julija*) showed lovers through the ages, each age funnier than the one before, and the funniest of all was modern Yugoslavia. *All Because of a Plate* (*Zbog Jednog Tanjura*) takes a situation which feature films have seriously treated, newly-weds and their efforts to get started in a land of housing shortages, and makes outrageous fun of it. More often, however, the cartoons are directed against modern life in general. *The All-Round Helper* (*Djevojka za Sve*) is a perfect parable for modern times: a scientist constructs a robot who will do all of his work for him; an ordinary horseshoe gets into the works and the robot turns. The last scene shows the scientist finally pursued to outer space and caught. It is now his turn to serve the robot. *Happy End* is even stronger. At the conclusion everyone is blown up.

Among those many who have made the Yugoslavian cartoon what it is, of most importance is Dušan Vukotic, who invented Cowboy Jimmy;

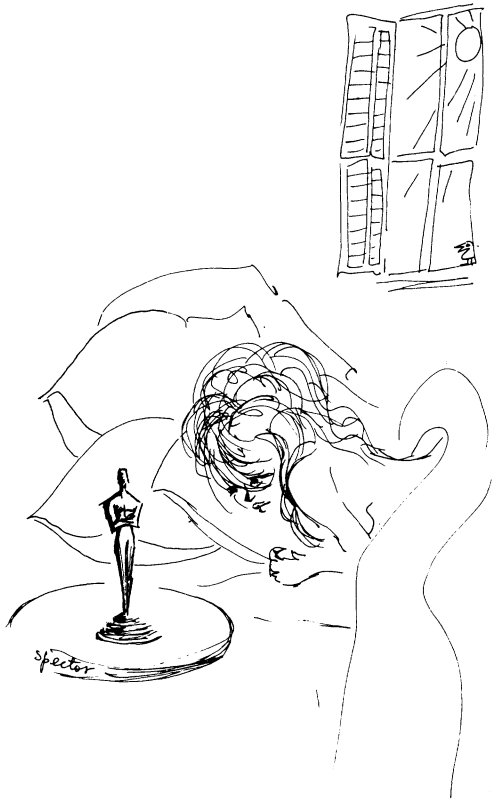
Top, PICCOLO; *bottom,* ROMEO I JULIJA.



Vatroslav Mimica, responsible for *Happy End*; Nikola Kostelac, who did *All Because of a Plate*; and Aleksander Marks, the chief designer and the most responsible for the visual finish of the Zagreb cartoons. It is they who have largely made these what they are and who have somehow kept the quality of an excellence almost unique.

It is even more surprising that this could be done when one realizes that the cartoon studio—unlike any other film studio in Yugoslavia—is entirely self-financed. Most studios are helped from time to time. There is a central monopoly on film and cameras and it is a rare individual who buys his own film or his own camera. From the first, however, the cartoonists were independent and they have remained so, supporting themselves largely because they can take in job assignments (at present they are doing a series of advertisements for an American concern) and because their films have sold well abroad. And they have been able to retain their freedom, despite occasional complaints of "intellectualism," because people like cartoons.

As with the other short films of Yugoslavia, however, the strength of the cartoons lies in their originality, the fact that they had no foreign models, and in their honesty. Like the documentaries, their simplicity is their strength, but, unlike them, they also have lightness, wit, and real elegance. The Yugoslavian feature-film industry could learn much from its own short subjects.



COLIN YOUNG

An American Film Institute: A Proposal

For many months Colin Young, Los Angeles Editor of this journal, has been exploring with interested persons the possibility of establishing an American Film Institute. The problems of exhibition and distribution of foreign and unusual films, discussed at the Antioch Symposium last year and also reported in FILM QUARTERLY *[Summer, 1960] constitute one reason why such an institution is necessary. But it is also hoped, as the following proposal indicates in detail, that an American Film Institute can function to bring a new focus to a wide range of archival, cataloguing, educational, publishing, and even producing activities—as have the British Film Institute and the Cinémathèque Française.*

Robert Hughes, editor of FILM: BOOK 1 *and the forthcoming* BOOK 2, *now also New York Co-Editor of this journal, has been active in plans for the Film Institute on the east coast, and collaborated in preparing this article. Individuals who have participated in the work to one degree or another include on the west coast Arthur Knight, Kenneth Macgowan, Pauline Kael, Denis and Terry Sanders, John Cassavetes, Robert Greensfelder, Christopher Bishop, Henry Breitrose, James Kerans, Ernest Callenbach, Philip Chamberlin, Nick Cominos, Francis Inglis, and members of the Hollywood Museum Archives Committee and of the UCLA Theater Arts Department; on the east coast Richard Griffith, Amos Vogel, Arthur Mayer, Dorothy Oshlag, Dan Talbot, Jonas and Adolfas Mekas, James Card, George Stoney, Shirley Clarke, Helen Grayson, Cecile Starr, John Adams, Frances Flaherty, Gideon Bachmann, Don Frankel, Thomas Brandon, Eric Barnouw, and members of the Society of Cinematologists. Further consultations with other film people are in progress.*

THE BACKGROUND

For most people, film is an industry before it is an art. It is difficult enough to make an unconventional, uncompromising film which will merit international acclaim. When such films *are* made, there is very little chance that they will be seen, since they fall outside the known, successful patterns. At present a national release is largely dependent upon a film's being shown and accepted in New York. Thus, many worthwhile films are not seen outside New York, while others get no commercial release in this country at all.

In September, 1960, a group of film producers, distributors, exhibitors and critics met in symposium at Antioch College to discuss this state of affairs. It immediately became clear that considerable experiment in exhibition methods would be necessary if the meritorious films already lying neglected in vaults were ever to reach the audience for which they were intended. It was found that, for the most part, the trade was ignorant both of sources and of the audience. Exhibitors did not know which films to book, where to get them, or how to sell them to the public. Under such conditions, then, one might ask why they were in the business at all. It is a fair question, and one, curiously enough, which there is no reticence in answering. Many exhibitors will tell you that they consider themselves little more than managers of a piece of real estate. Their job is to display films which will bring in an audience. Since the number of American pictures has dropped, they often find themselves squeezed out of any sort of domestic first or second run. In such a case many theaters close, others become warehouses or bowling alleys. Those which stay open very often change over entirely to a foreign-picture policy, But here they are almost totally at the mercy of New York and the distributors' press books. They have little to go on from their own experience. They learned their business in a day when little more was necessary than keeping the house clean, the projectionist sober, and the doors open. Now they are forced to search through titles of pictures for which there is often no stable English equivalent, and in which all the credits are names unknown to them and—they fear—unknown to the public. To some extent, this last fear is unwarranted. Often the public, or a part of it, knows more about foreign film production than the "art-house" manager does—simply by reading one of the more intellectual national weeklies, or by subscribing to a film quarterly.

Thus we find that a fairly typical situation in a town is the existence of an "art house" which operates inefficiently and has no balanced, consistent policy (mixing the better imports with foreign or domestic exploitation subjects) while across town there is a flourishing film society, in a school or museum or university, doing its own booking, showing all the films the theater should be showing, and usually, suffering through inferior projection. (This was argued through in the Winter, 1960, issue of *Film Quarterly* by Philip Chamberlin.)

There are examples in other trades of gaps between manufacturer and customer and, correspondingly, there are other cases of customer initiative. For example, most bookstores and newsstands do not carry the more specialized periodicals, but individual readers can go around the retail outlet and subscribe directly to the publisher—usually at a saving. The film society is a variant of this. Since films are more expensive to rent than a magazine is to buy, a coöperative must be formed. Then, as a reward for forming such a coöperative, it is usually possible to see films more cheaply than at a regular theater. This is where the commercial houses shout "Unfair!" But if they would only think through the comparison with bookstores, they would find that they are losing business by default. No one, as Phil Chamberlin pointed out, would sit through an average film society screening if he could readily see the same film in a theater.

The simplest solution of course is for the theater to provide premises for the film society. This is done from time to time in various places. But it is only a partial solution. Film societies are rarely permanent. A great many are run by students on university campuses, and as such are bound to suffer (as well as benefit) from the shifting population, since most society organizers do not take the precaution to train their successors and there are not always faculty advisors who can lend some degree of permanence.

Another weakness in the trade's position is that distributors do not appear to be accurately informed about the extent of their market—the number of theaters operating on an "art-house" policy, the number of seats in these theaters, and the average rate of program change. Thus there is no reliable way of estimating a film's potential drawing capacity on a national release and, in fact, because of ignorance on both sides (distribution and exhibition), most foreign films which manage to get imported never reach anything like their potential audience.

In part this is an organizational weakness. Apart from the Art Theater Guild (sponsors of the Antioch Symposium) there is no substantial regional chain of art houses. Occasionally a half-dozen or so are owned by a company which acts also as a distributor or subdistributor. But for the most part the "art house" is independent and terribly alone. It could join Theater Owners of America, which distributes film lists to its members. But the bulk of TOA's experience and wisdom is limited to domestic films. For it too, the foreign film is often a mystery. (The director of a film is not listed,

for example, while the name of many an unknown actor is dutifully recorded.)

The importers of foreign films, mostly located in New York, have formed the International Film Importers and Distributors Association (IFIDA). It would clearly be in their interest to gather information about the independent art houses and organize them into some loose but mutually beneficial partnership. Even a regular and competent news service would help to break the present overdependence on information coming from such trade journals as *Box-Office* and *Variety*. Useful as this information is, it provides an exhibitor with little opportunity to judge a film's suitability for his specific audience. He can (perhaps) predict how a film will go in Boston or Chicago. But of what use is this to him in Wichita or St. Louis or New Orleans? But, somehow, IFIDA has done nothing yet in this direction—certainly nothing so basic (and inexpensive) as the study of the U.S. film society movement conducted for the American Federation of Film Societies (AFFS) by Jack Ellis when he was at Film Council of America. Thus it remains for the independent art houses to form an organization of their own. This is work they must do for themselves; however, present indications are that they are many years away from doing it. The best of the operators of specialized houses suffer from the assumption that they have tried everything already; suggestions from outside the trade are received kindly, and then are promptly forgotten. Individual exhibitors have some success, but the trade always dismisses them as special cases—the Berkeley Cinema Guild, the Little Theatre in Yellow Springs (part of the Art Theatre Guild), the Don Pancho Art Theater in Albuquerque, the New Yorker Theater and now also its new "branch," the Charles, and so on. All special cases. All very successful doing programs which, supposedly, no one will touch with a barge pole.

However, even on the assumption that the trade *could* be jostled into creating an efficient organization of art houses, so that the films which individual distributors have for rental could be made available to the public on a regular basis, it was readily concluded at the Antioch meeting that there remained vast possibilities in the distribution and exhibition of contemporary and archival films which would still be left untouched by the normal commercial processes.

This also has very much to do with the production of new films. For, if there is no ready way to distribute or exhibit unconventional films, these films will seldom be made, and if made, probably will have to be written off by the backers or so altered to meet the alleged demands of public taste that they become unrecognizable. Earlier this century the film industry learned its lesson in this regard. Studios soon discovered that they had to control the means of distribution and exhibition if they were going to be able to maintain their studios at full capacity. But the men and women who make the truly independent kind of picture, whether in America or abroad, are by definition not likely to have access to the sort of financing which would allow them to have any control of distribution. There are exceptions. Lionel Rogosin (*On the Bowery*, *Out*, and *Come Back Africa*), leased a theater in New York in which to open his African film. (This is the Bleecker Street Cinema, which he is still operating). Some independent directors are able to get their films shown at a foreign festival, and to accompany them there. Shirley Clarke took *The Connection* to Cannes (where it was a sensation) and she is now in the fortunate position of deciding which of the distributors' offers is the most favorable. But publicity of all sorts (and festival showings allow one sort of publicity) costs money—perhaps not as much as the $10,000 spent on behalf of *Exodus* at Cannes, but a tangible amount which must be made available from somewhere if the publicity is thought valuable.

And there is no doubt that it is. There are very few ways, within the United States, to showcase an unusual film—in New York the Museum of Modern Art and Cinema 16 are able to do this from time to time; the Flaherty Seminar does it in front of a limited number of people for a special (although exciting) type of film; the San Francisco Festival shows signs of becoming a force; and various universities have been pressed into service for prestige openings of one form or another—John Cassavetes might open his first studio film *Too Late Blues* on four or five campuses.

The experience of many independents, unable to get a distributor, is similar. Lionel Rogosin, before opening the Bleecker Street, was forced into touring with his films; Shirley Clarke, before being invited to Cannes (by the *French* Federation of Film Authors and Directors) had similar plans; Morris Engel has acted as his own distributor for *Weddings and Babies*, since he has not been offered a deal worth taking. His case is particularly ironic since his films, and his method of working (with especially light-weight equipment) are credited by some of the French new-wave directors with show-

ing them the way to make interesting features without stars and without large budgets. Taking this together with the large number of foreign films which are never seen in the United States, we find that in both distribution and exhibition there are holes big enough to drive a truck through—a truck holding only a small part of the treasury from filmmakers from all over the world.

EXISTING AGENCIES

Many countries maintain a national film institute or museum or archive. In Britain, for example, the British Film Institute (formed in 1933) enjoys government and trade subsidy, and yet is an almost wholly independent body. The National Film Archive was formed in 1935, as a function of the Institute, and the National Film Theatre (in London) was opened in 1952. The Institute's Education Department operates a distribution service, a central booking agency for film societies, and a lecture service. In addition the Institute has an Information Department and Library, and a Publications Department, responsible for (among other things) *Sight & Sound* and the *Monthly Film Bulletin.* In France, many of these same services are offered by the Cinémathèque Française, under Henri Langlois.

There is, of course, no national service of this sort in the United States. Many organizations, both private and public, work in this field, overlapping in certain areas, and not working at all in others. It will be worthwhile to survey these organizations briefly before proceeding with an outline of what might be the responsibilities of an American Film Institute.

Foremost among the agencies working in the United States is the Museum of Modern Art, whose Film Library was founded in 1935. Through the work of its first curator, Iris Barry, and later of Richard Griffith, the incumbent, extensive archival holdings were acquired. In the years following 1935 the Library acted to meet the challenge of its initial charge—"to trace, catalogue, assemble, exhibit and circulate a library of film programs so that the motion picture may be studied and enjoyed as any other one of the arts is studied and enjoyed." By 1936 an arrangement had been worked out with the industry which permitted the Museum Library to make prints at its own expense from any of the negatives held by the producing companies. These prints could be used either in the Museum or outside of it, for educational, noncommercial showings; however, they could be withdrawn from circulation at any time by the producer. This continues to work satisfactorily, although there is a considerable amount of withdrawal—for re-issue, for television release, or to permit an earlier film to be remade.

But, as a report from the Film Library stated in 1956, "to acquire a film is not necessarily to preserve it." The older film bases were highly unstable, and short-lived. Early types of safety film delayed decomposition processes somewhat, but it was not until the introduction of the tri-acetate film base that there was any guarantee that film could be maintained indefinitely. Thus, the Film Library, always faced with a choice of spending its funds on preservation or acquisition, can now feel that some day its holdings will be safe from decay. And, quite recently, this program of preservation has found strong support from Hollywood, through the formation of plans for a Hollywood Motion Picture and Television Museum. The Museum will be built on a plot of land on Las Palmas Boulevard in Hollywood—near the Hollywood Bowl and within walking distance of that alleged center of the entertainment world, Hollywood and Vine. A Museum Commission, headed by Sol Lesser, has been given permission by the State of California to raise the capital necessary for construction. Plans have already been approved. The building will include motion picture and television sound stages, space for temporary exhibits, a 300-seat auditorium, a smaller lecture-demonstration room, a library, and facilities for film study. The studios' interest in the Museum has been sparked by the possibility it represents for solving one of their oldest problems in public relations—what to do with the millions of people who flock annually to Hollywood and wish to see something being shot at a studio. Given facilities at the Museum (with walls of one-way glass) it will be possible for film production to continue unhampered, and for larger crowds to be handled than can be at present. One of the most active of the Museum's many subcommittees at present is the Archive Committee, whose chairman is Sidney Solow, vice-president and general manager of Consolidated Film Industries. Under Solow's chairmanship, this committee has moved quickly towards the establishment of a policy for acquisition, and it is clear that the Hollywood Museum will consider its primary responsibility that of building up a strong collection of the American cinema—primarly, at first, the early cinema.

But more important than this for the moment is the contribution which the Hollywood Museum will be able to make to film preservation. Mr. Solow has been able to work out an arrangement for preservation which, strange as it may seem, involves almost no expenditure. He has obtained from Eastman Kodak a gift of a large amount of film stock which he can use in printing. Furthermore, Consolidated has, over the last few years, been setting up special equipment for handling shrunken film. Finally, Consolidated, for a certain period, will make no charge for processing this film from the Museum of Modern Art. Thus a way has been found to preserve a substantial part of the Museum's collection, at little cost—simply the cost of the shipments and insurance.

The agreement between the Hollywood Museum and the Museum of Modern Art, to cover this transaction, is a simple one. Both museums are given the opportunity to make projection prints from the preservation material, with the understanding that the Hollywood Museum will avoid infringement of copyright by limiting the use of its prints to showings within its own premises. But, clearly, this arrangement will enrich the archives infinitely —from material which cannot be safely projected we shall arrive at projection prints both in New York and Los Angeles, with the additional knowledge that the material from which the prints are obtained is being satisfactorily preserved and stored.

It has long been recognized, both inside and outside the industry, that a major reason for the paucity and unreliability of film scholarship has been the unavailability of the materials of study—the films themselves. T. H. Green, in *The Arts and the Art of Criticism,* acknowledges that he has not had an opportunity to discuss film because he has not had sufficient access to the materials. The British Film Institute's report of its first twenty-five years (published in 1958) made the point succinctly. "No art critic would presume to compare the work of some modern painter with pictures he had heard of but never seen, even in reproduction, or with paintings seen years before and half-forgotten. No literary critic would attempt to reassess a classic without direct reference to the text. But the writer on the cinema is often enough likely to find himself in this impossible position: compelled to rely on memory or on the second-hand judgments which bedevil so much critical writing in this field."

This by now should all go without saying. But we find that we have to say it over and over again. We must preserve films and make them available for study.

In addition to its work in acquisition and preservation, the Museum of Modern Art has other services which are well known. Paramount amongst these is its circulating library. Richard Griffith discusses this in his "Report on the Film Library, 1941–1956." He says: "It was a miracle of judgment on the part of the founders which rejected the idea (then seriously proposed) that the Film Library should be merely an archive in which a few scholars could potter among 'historic' films, and which instead embraced the concept of a central circulation system from which films would be made available to anyone in the country who felt a serious urge to examine the structure of the first new art form to come to birth in two thousand years." Mr. Griffith then goes on to suggest that the Library's policy has justified itself simply in terms of the increased interest in film studies by academic institutions. There can be little doubt that this growth has come in part from the very existence of the Museum Film Library. Of course, through the years, the circulating library's collection has been depleted by enforced withdrawals, at the request of various commercial companies who wish to distribute the films. And yet, as Mr. Griffith points out, many other films are studied by film societies and others, simply because they appear in the Museum's catalogue. A listing there is taken to give importance to a film. This is no small achievement. Once a curator has reached this point, his continuing concern must be the maintenance and enrichment of his collection, and the attempt to make the collection available to an ever-increasing number of users. One way in which the Museum Film Library has done this, for example, was to conclude arrangements (in 1954) with the San Francisco Museum of Art, for it to act as depository for a part of the Library's circulating program in the Western states. However, it cannot be a source of solace to the Museum staff to know that they are forced to charge for house use of their collection—for projection facilities—at the prevailing commercial rate of about $10 an hour. This means a $15 or $20 fee for each film studied by a scholar, and represents a significant inhibition on the use to which the collection can be put, an inhibition which can only be removed by the provision of an adequate endowment in a special education fund.

In addition, of course, the Museum Film Library has, over the years, pursued a policy of film exhibi-

tion on its own premises, of films from its collection and also, from time to time, of films obtained for that special purpose. These screenings, however, cannot always be timed to meet the special and individual needs of scholarship. Meanwhile, educational foundations and institutions must be encouraged to subsidize their own scholars, so that the Museum's material can be put to maximum use.

With the formation of the Hollywood Museum, there should be little shortage of archive facilities in the next decade or so in the United States, for there exist also strong holdings at Eastman House in Rochester, and at the Library of Congress in Washington. Eastman House is a privately endowed collection and, although immensely hospitable, it is not able at present—nor will it be in the foreseeable future—to offer anything in the way of a circulating program. And, quite recently, it was forced by shortage of funds to cease publication of the very valuable periodical *Image,* though the staff is now circulating a newsletter. Also, until recently, no charge was made at Rochester for running films for visiting students and scholars. Now a charge is made—small enough in itself, but a genuine burden on independent scholars not endowed by a foundation grant.

The Library of Congress and the National Archive in Washington both have considerable archival responsibilities, but the film services are poorly supported by Congress, and the library staff is able to provide little more than a place for deposit. A document circulated by the Library says, in part: "The significant gap in the Library's film activities is that of the reference service; the Library's staff assigned to motion pictures is adequate only for the minimum basic operation incidental to the custody of its constantly growing film collection." And not strangely, the Library faces the same budgetary restrictions as the two other archives we have been examining. "Each year the entire nitrate collection is inspected to determine whether deterioration has set in in any of the reels. Before deterioration reaches dangerous proportions, the reel is discarded and the loss is recorded. Although the Library is unable to accomplish permanent preservation of this nitrate collection under current budgetary restrictions, it does aim to reproduce the more important films on a more permanent stock, as finances become available."

In general, the Library's interest in film derives from its legal responsibilities under the Copyright Act. The Library has paper prints of some 3,500 early motion pictures produced between 1897 and 1913. As a result of a change in the Copyright Act (in 1912) films themselves, rather than paper prints, could be deposited but "rather than acquire the dangerously flammable nitrocellulose films, the Library accepted and continues to acquire . . . the descriptive text of each motion picture copyrighted." Thus thousands of such texts—scripts, synopses, treatments, and so on—are deposited with the Library. "In 1942 the Library entered into an agreement with motion picture producers that copies of certain copyright films, as selected by the Library, would be deposited in its permanent collection." The initial work of selection (from films produced in the years 1942–1945) was made by the Museum of Modern Art under a Rockefeller Foundation grant. But the period between 1912 and 1942 is poorly represented. What is there is mostly the result of private donations.

Some of the paper prints from the early collection are being transferred to film, in coöperation with the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. The Library has also accepted custodial responsibility for impounded and captured enemy films—the collection now amounting to some 17 million feet. The National Archives, by agreement, is in general responsible for all film produced by government agencies, while the Library of Congress is responsible for all other film. None of its filed material circulates, but it can, again at some expense, be made available for study in Washington.

And this is the story wherever we turn. Because of insufficient financing and shortage of personnel, curators have to make impossible decisions—to acquire or to preserve, to preserve this and not that, to buy new films or circulate the ones they have, to acquire and preserve but not make available for study or reference, and so on.

There are two types of traditional response to this situation. The first and most frequent is to criticize the institutions or their directors; the second is to hope for government or foundation support. From time to time the industry itself supplies the solution—as in the case of Sid Solow's inspiration. But the critic should be sophisticated enough to realize that the institutions know about foundations and have, often, benefited from foundation grants. And for those who think the government might help, it is not encouraging to read of the repeated failure of the Library of Congress and the National Archive to make any lasting impression on Congress.

Two other organizations are operating in this field—Cinema 16 and the American Federation of

Film Societies. Cinema 16 is a highly successful film society, operating under a nonprofit charter, and active primarily in New York, although in recent years it has been expanding its services throughout the nation as a distributor of experimental films. The founder and organizer of Cinema 16, Amos Vogel, was visionary enough to anticipate the growth of the 16mm market, and prepared himself and his organization accordingly. He now has 5,000 members in New York, and is able to catch and hold the attention of perceptive, sophisticated audiences each year with his programs. He wishes now to move increasingly into a position from which he will be able to import feature films which would not otherwise be available, showcase them at Cinema 16 in New York, and then make them available to the film societies. His first experiment along these lines was with Herbert Vesely's experimental feature *Nicht Mehr Fliehen* (*No More Fleeing*), which he acquired and then advertised in one of the supplements to his catalogue. The plan was simple. With the sponsorship of the American Federation of Film Societies he announced the film as being available, if the costs of subtitling and making 16mm reduction prints could be amortized by commitments in advance to book the film. All that was needed was a commitment from fifteen societies to book the film for $50. As it happened, more than fifteen societies subscribed, and the film has been doing well since.

This is a task for which, in the future, Cinema 16 and the Museum of Modern Art could, conceivably, join forces. (In the past, Amos Vogel has given the Museum the money to import *Pandora's Box* and *Westfront 1918*, while the Wisconsin Film Society recently enabled the Museum to improve its holdings of prints of *October*). Certainly Mr. Vogel now wishes to expand this service, and hopes that some of the larger, more permanent film societies can coöperatively subsidize the introduction of new titles to this country, without depending at all on the normal trade channels. To a certain extent there already has been some coöperation of this kind between Cinema 16 and some groups on the west coast—among them UCLA Extension and the San Francisco Museum. There is no reason why this should not continue, and it is to be expected that a Film Institute could contribute to this program. As will be seen below, this could become a major responsibility of the Institute. But, as is becoming clear, the Film Institute would not always be working in a vacuum. It would be supplementing the activities of other organizations and, by its very nature, it would be supporting cultural, nonprofit organizations which, like Cinema 16 and the Museum of Modern Art, have been for long in the vanguard of the development of film education in the United States.

The American Federation of Film Societies (AFFS) has attempted over the years to provide central organization to the growing film society movement in the United States. But it has been plagued by shortage of funds and fluctuating, unpaid personnel, both at the headquarters and also locally in film societies, so that stability of service has been almost impossible to achieve. There has been little real communication within the Federation, although this has been no one's fault. Only so much can be attempted on a voluntary basis, even when those who volunteer are men of such consistently high standards as have been found in the American film society movement over the past years —men who, mostly, are still in the business of making films, teaching others to make them, or writing about them. It would be a tragedy if, some day, their efforts did not come to fruition, if their plans and individual successes could not result in a method of ensuring the place of film among the arts in America. Such, in short, is the sole aim of the proposed Film Institute. Not alone would it do this—but with and through the existing organizations.

THE PROPOSAL

The plans which follow should not be considered to be in their final form. They are being published here to provide a basis for discussion, although they are already the result of considerable discussion among interested parties, both in and out of the trade. It must be hoped that the time for discussion will soon pass, so that agreement can be reached on the text of a concrete proposal for a charter of the American Film Institute, which would be adequate to secure the Institute's incorporation as a nonprofit, cultural, and educational organization.

It is fair to say that however encouraging are the activities of film institutes in other countries, it is questionable to what extent they can act as precedents for an American equivalent. There are two reasons for such a conservative opinion. First, the institutes abroad are subsidized by the government and sometimes also by the trade, and they were formed at a time when little else was being done in these countries of a similar nature. Later developments have tended towards consolidation of activity through the original agencies, although there

have been, of course, some exceptions to this rule. Second, these countries have entirely different geographic characteristics from the United States. The population of cinéastes and intellectuals has been more predictably centered around the capital—London, Paris, Brussels, Copenhagen, etc. Thus it has been possible to establish the institutes and give them a semblance of national authority. The United States is too large a country for this to have happened, despite the advantages of such an arrangement. Thus there exist at present considerable overlapping, large areas of neglect and considerable waste—of time, energy and money. And yet the present situation represents a tremendous advance over the last thirty years. Individual organizations have had individual success, and the men and women responsible for this success are, in the main, still active. They have gathered a fund of knowledge and experience which could at this time contribute to the formation of an independent organization of national scope. It has been this way before, in various governmental and trade practices, and there is evidence that it can happen in this field.

A considerable part of the surge towards such an organization at this time is coming and will continue to come from areas outside the immediate eastern seaboard. The larger cities of the east, particularly New York, are relatively well served. But the public elsewhere for the serious study of the film has had to make its own way, working through universities, libraries, private film societies, or temporarily enthusiastic individuals. But none of these methods is long-lived, except in those cases where it is, or becomes, someone's job to preserve the service. Just as the public library system would collapse without its present institutional structure, so will the film society movement grow only with institutional support. So long as it depends on a small hard-core (and ever-changing) group of people it will survive, but its main energies will be absorbed in the fight not to lose ground.

For individual enthusiasm, invaluable as it has been, has too often ended in despair, and has rarely resulted in the provision of services which the public in London or Paris or New York, for example, have learned to take for granted. As we saw, the Museum of Modern Art Film Library was not designed to be limited in its activities to the metropolitan area, and it has extended its services nationally through its circulating programs. The Institute should be able to assist these services to expand. It would also make it less likely that that individual program organizers in Los Angeles, or San Francisco, or Dallas, or New York will expend the time, money and energy to mount a program which will be seen at best by a few hundred or thousand people before vanishing from view. The physical perishability of film is widely understood; the artistic life of a film, however, is also dependent on "climate" and it would become a responsibility of the Institute to assist the establishment and maintenance of a climate conducive to the production and exhibition of superior films. If the public can only be informed of the value of film as an art, it should be to that extent less difficult to find public support for the various programs of film preservation. This, at least, is the experience of the Museum of Modern Art. It is thus essential that the Institute be established in such a way that it has the opportunity to show and circulate films of merit. Its specific responsibilities in all these areas can now be studied.

The purpose of the Institute would be to encourage and promote and in part assume a responsibility for a wider understanding of the full treasury of the cinema, and a use of its facilities for study. As such, its role would be exclusively educational.

It should attempt to work nationally, as well as regionally and locally, collaborating with existing organizations where there is a mutual concern and helping to establish facilities where none exist.

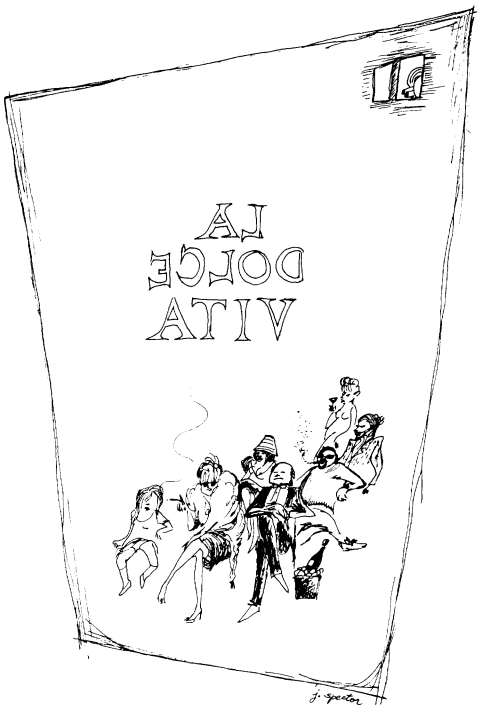
It should be no part of the Institute's purpose to compete with existing organizations, inside or out of the trade. To avoid competition with commercial companies it would at all times be ready to withdraw from an activity when the trade could show competition with its legitimate interests. To avoid competition with existing noncommercial, nonprofit organizations (such as those we have been discussing), the Institute's governing boards should include representation from these organizations, so that it can benefit from their counsel.

This would be the general purpose of the Institute. What follows is a description of its activities considered under various headings—Archive, Catalogue (Information and Research), Education, Exhibition and Circulation, Publications, Production, and Festivals.

Archive

As we have seen there is no national archive for film in this country acting as the center for all film deposits. But, as we have also seen, this may no longer be a serious lack, with the contribution being made to film preservation by the Hollywood Museum. It is not intended that the Institute would

maintain its own archive, in the sense that it would act as a depository for films, since no need is seen for such a function at present. Films which it would receive would, in the normal course of events, be intended for circulation (see below). However, it is also likely that films intended for deposit rather than circulation would be offered to the Institute. (In fact, this is already happening, even before the formation of the Institute.) In such cases, however, if the films could not be circulated by the Institute (as will often happen), they will be offered as archival material to the existing archives, with the understanding that at some later date, should the films become available for circulation, the Institute



could reacquire them for that purpose, in all likelihood leaving with the archive in question a house print as before.

The Institute might also, in time, be asked to take some responsibility for administering the necessary programs of preservation by being a neutral agency which all existing archives could call upon for assistance—in locating prints or negatives, obtaining legal clearance or custody, etc.

Catalogue

A greater lack at present (than a national archive for film) is the absence of any national catalogue of films and film material—that is to say, books on the film, original manuscripts, stills, and other research material and memorabilia. There is no central, reliable source of information about credits, titles, content, etc., except in those cases where a film has been copyrighted through the Library of Congress, and even here the amount and type of information given varies.

The Institute would maintain a catalogue containing such information. This catalogue would aim at being the national reference source for film students and film users. Its listings would make it possible for a student to determine the nature, content, condition, location and availability of the material. It is to be hoped that students would thus be required to make one initial enquiry only, rather than—as at present—canvass the existing authorities, often without much chance of a definitive reply. Copies of the catalogue would be deposited at established and authorized centers (for example with the organizations we have been discussing, universities, etc.), presumably in return for a service fee.

The method of financing such a service requires further study, but it is to be assumed that the Institute would have an income from some of its activities (primarily circulation) and that its members would pay annual fees—perhaps graded to reflect the amount of use they made of the Institute's various services. Such membership could be of two types (broadly speaking)—private and institutional. If an institution were to subscribe to the cataloguing service on behalf of its own members, presumably some cost-sharing method could be arrived at. In the case of use being made of the cataloguing service by private members, we must assume at present that this would be covered by the membership fee. It is also possible that it would be this part of the Institute's activity which would be most likely to receive foundation support. It would be expected that the catalogues would be fully current only at Institute headquarters, but published additions would be made periodically, depending on demand and financial support.

To facilitate this service, the Institute would encourage all trade sources to submit information on new productions, credits, etc., new books, new journals, etc., whether or not such information was also sent to the Library of Congress for copyright

purposes. At some later date, such submission might be required or encouraged by law; but even without this a considerable contribution could be made to the field by centralizing existing informational services—including those of the trade. At present there is not even a central list of all films which become available, from all sources, to the trade. In addition there is no certain way of recording the content of imported films before distributors and/or local censorship boards make changes for their own purposes. Finally there is no central depository for reliable statistics on exhibition facilities outside the large (but not all-inclusive) operation of Theater Owners of America.

At present this entire area of cataloguing, and of making available catalogue material, is so disorganized, and existing material is so dispersed, that even veteran scholars are discouraged from the attempt to uncover it. Films should be of interest to the historian, the social scientist, the psychologist, and the economist, as well as to the aesthetician and the motion picture critic. But the difficulties rebuff most candidates, and kill the spirit of enquiry. There is, for instance, no reliable history of the American film (although Lewis Jacobs made a memorable attempt). Clearly, the Institute would be able to coördinate the present and past efforts, so that for the first time a clear picture can be obtained of the gaps in our knowledge, and plans can be drawn for filling these gaps. This will be a long, arduous task, but one that is necessary if film scholarship is to be maintained as even a possibility.

Education

As Richard Griffith pointed out in his Film Library report, instruction in film at the university level has increased rapidly over the last 25 years. Degrees in motion picture studies are given in several schools, and in a smaller number the instruction proceeds to a graduate level. Within these various schools there are widely different emphases —some stressing an academic, theoretical approach, others laying more importance on a professional, practical approach. But it is certain that many communities in the United States can be, if they wish it, well served by local lecturers on the art and craft of motion pictures. But if public awareness of film as an art and as a craft is to advance in any orderly way what is again needed is some consistent drive to achieve such an advance. The Museum of Modern Art, the University Film Producers Association, the Society of Cinematologists, the various film councils (e.g., those in New York and Washington) each offer the possibility of coördination in this area. But the Institute could (again) act as a central office for such services—if it were informed of the various needs for such services and of the existence of groups, associations, and individuals who were free to offer the service. It is difficult at present even to coördinate these matters in cities like New York or Los Angeles, where in addition to the organizations mentioned above there are available the branches of various professional guilds and associations – the Motion Picture Academy, the Motion Picture Association of America, the Writers' Guild, the Directors' Guild, the American Society of Cinematographers, the American Cinema Editors, etc. By being informed of the needs and of the available personnel, the Institute could encourage a continuing program of education by public lecture and demonstration. This could also be conducted in association with the American Association of Museums, many individual members of which are already offering programs in film appreciation and study—as are, of course, many public libraries and high school or university extension adult education departments.

Exhibition

In New York, the Museum of Modern Art and Cinema 16 have, as we have seen, provided many of the services which in other countries are associated with a national institute—as for example the National Film Theatre (London) and the Cinémathèque (Paris), in which films from the institute's holdings are shown, as well as new films as they become available. It is to be assumed that the Museum of Modern Art and Cinema 16 will continue to offer their programs, and, further, that in Los Angeles the Hollywood Museum will adopt some similar policy for use of its theater. But it is doubtful if this will exhaust the possibilities for exhibition, on a regular, noncommercial basis, of archival material and of films of a more contemporary nature. Certainly on the west coast there are heavy demands placed on existing, independent film societies to provide the services of a national theater—services, of course, which are not within their capacity to give. In recent months, however, UCLA had a most successful series which it called *The Undiscovered Film*, in which it showed features and shorts considered to be of merit but which had little or no prior exposure in Los Angeles. (The

features were *Amici Per Le Pelle*—Franco Rossi; *Calle Mayor*—Juan Bardem; *Take A Giant Step*—Philip Leacock; *Ohayo*—Yasujiro Ozu; *Ensayo de un Crimen*—Luis Buñuel). Only the American film had had a prior public showing in Los Angeles. And only the Buñuel was not obtained from regular distributors, at the regular (or slightly higher than the regular) rates. (Buñuel's film had been imported through special arrangement with Buñuel, by Amos Vogel of Cinema 16, and was shown at UCLA with Buñuel's personal sanction.) The series was an outstanding success, although the expenses involved in presenting it were higher than usual. Time and time again audiences told the organizers that the University's service in making available such interesting films must continue. There is no reason why it should not. But, as shall be suggested below, there is no reason why we should stop there.

Experience has also shown us that the interested professional and scholarly public, even that part of it residing in New York and Los Angeles, cannot keep itself informed about contemporary production. This is a particular hardship for those in the profession and those with the responsibility for the film society movement, since they must make do with the small number of films made available by the trade—and for the rest must proceed on the basis of the opinions of others—usually of writers in the countries of the films' origin. An American Film Institute, by establishing something in the nature of a "national film theater" could make the arrangements for short-term exposure of specific films of merit from all over the world, as they become available from the producers. There is already a huge backlog. We should not have so long to wait for the later films of Satyajit Ray, Kurosawa, Ozu, Imai, Kinoshita, Torre-Nilsson, Buñuel, Barbachano Ponce, Wajda, Munk, Kalatazov, Dovzhenko, Bergman, Sjöberg, Fellini, Visconti, Antonioni, Bolognini, Rossi, Truffaut, Becker, Clement, Malle, Resnais, Bardem, Berlanga, Käutner, Hoffman, etc., etc.

Establishment of such a national film theater (perhaps at first only in New York and Los Angeles) would provide an opportunity for "prestige" screenings of new American and foreign films. It is ironic that in recent years several American independent productions have been helped on their way by such screenings in other countries—for example *Come Back Africa*, *Shadows*, and by the time this is in print, *The Connection*—all shown publicly first at the National Film Theatre in London. Some of the Polish films now available through the trade were brought to the public's attention by such showings as the UCLA series organized by Ernest Rose and Nick Cominos, and on the east coast by the Museum of Modern Art and Cinema 16. The Hollywood Foreign Press Association has for some years held regular screenings of foreign films, under the aegis of Dr. Hedwig Traub, and recently the Writers' Guild, prodded by Ray Bradbury and Ivan Moffat, has circulated its members with a proposal for a film society which would show, once a week, a film from the archives or from the current list of foreign films. But Bradbury has indicated that he feels his proposal to be of a stop-gap nature. It is, clearly, something which the Film Institute could handle.

Generally speaking, it should be possible, for screenings at the "national film theater" to obtain films free of charge, with the result that ticket sales (perhaps from members only) should be adequate to cover the costs of shipping, subtitling, and projection. For limited screening of a foreign language picture it is not necessary to superimpose titles on to the print. For a very small expense titles can be photographed and carried on a separate film strip and projected (in absolute synchronization) in such a way that the audience is unaware of anything unusual.

These screenings should be organized in such a way that programs can be exchanged between New York and Los Angeles, thus enlarging their scope and presumably also reducing the initial overhead. These screenings would not, at that time, be broadened to constitute a "release" for the films. Their purpose would be to place before the membership meritorious films in a way which was advantageous to the films' producers, to the film critic, to the student, and to representatives of the trade. The films would run in their original form, and as soon as possible after completion. Only if current production is screened and viewed in this way can the American film-maker and student of film hope to be informed about the work of his contemporaries in other countries.

Further, the national theater might wish to offer screenings from the classic repertoire—although this function may properly belong to the Museum of Modern Art and the Hollywood Museum. Certainly, it is only if the classics are continually aired that their merits can continually enrich current production, can inform the young student, and can permit the film scholar to analyze film content and style, not only in the private projection room, but

also in front of a sympathetic audience. Truffaut and others of the new wave have emphasized their indebtedness to Henri Langlois and the Cinémathèque for making available to them, when they needed them, the great films of the past.

Circulation

On the assumption that meritorious films do not always receive adequate handling in the trade (often through no fault of the trade), and further that an audience exists for these films (if they are presented under the correct auspices with the correct authority), the American Film Institute could and should circulate films which are not able to be seen in any other way. (a) It would assist the Museum of Modern Art Film Library (and Cinema 16, etc.) to circulate their available material. (b) It would assist the trade to find exhibition for its films through film societies, museums, libraries, universities, etc., by acting as a subdistributor for films which the trade would make available. (c) In those cases where films had not found a distributor but were of sufficient merit, the Institute would offer to act as American distributor—again working through societies, universities, etc.

In all of this the assumption is that the Institute, working through the American Federation of Film Societies, the American Association of Museums, the Educational Film Library Association, and the American Library Association, would establish a circuit of noncommercial film users. Under (a) above, the Institute would offer little more than assistance, since both the Museum Film Library and Cinema 16 are fully competent distributors of their own material. Furthermore, films from the Museum could be made available only to societies who operated their entire program on a series basis. The Museum is not empowered to lease films to users who charge single admissions—either on that specific program or for any other film contained in the program. This is a limitation imposed by the original copyright owners, and is a small price to pay for the privilege of handling the material. But the Institute—under (b) and (c) above—could expect to have a wider franchise of the material it would obtain from distributors and/or producers, precisely because the copyright owner or lessee would wish such a service.

However, in neither case (b) nor (c) would the Institute contract to perform services which were as a matter of fact available through the trade. In addition, if a film were being shown through the Institute and it were requested by the trade, machinery would have to exist whereby the film could be transferred back to a trade distributor or exhibitor. It would of course be necessary to protect the Institute and its members in such a transaction. If, for example, a print of *La Terra Trema* (by Visconti) were circulating through the Institute, it would presumably have been booked in advance by members and affiliated institutions. Should a commercial distributor then take over Visconti's film, ways would have to be provided for the Institute's costs to be covered, for the audiences which had contracted to use the film to receive it (either from the Institute or from the trade), and for some legitimate consideration of the Institute's part in introducing the film to the public.

Little protection for members served by the Circulation Department could be guaranteed when the copyright owner of a film decides to withdraw it from the market—entirely, or in its original form. In such cases the Institute would attempt to arrange that at least one print be deposited with an archive, for preservation purposes, and for study on the premises.

Throughout, films circulated by the Institute would be made available only to nonprofit, noncommercial organizations. It remains to be seen whether this would inhibit a film society from using commercial premises for projection; the prima facie tendency would be to encourage such screenings, because of better facilities, the increased likelihood that 35mm equipment would be available, and because of the possible effects of such screenings on the theater owners' policy.

It is clear that, with the establishment of an efficient circuit, considerable revenue could accrue from the circulation of "undiscovered" films. The Institute would undoubtedly wish to pay for its acquisition of these films out of its income (rather than by an advance, or by outright purchase) without sacrificing its nonprofit charter. Thus its own income, after payment of costs, would remain within the Institute, and would help to finance its other services.

One way in which the Institute's activities in exhibition and circulation would support each other readily suggests itself. At the time of the première screenings in the national film theater, selection committees in New York and Los Angeles would record their evaluations with the Institute. (Selection by a committee could be a dangerous, paralyzing arrangement. What is intended is that the men and women presently responsible for programming

at the Museum of Modern Art, Cinema 16, the Flaherty Seminars, UCLA and elsewhere, and later at the Hollywood Museum, would be invited to see the films at the Institute's screenings. The director of the Institute's circulation program could then take their evaluations into account. In the case of films which were considered meritorious, and at such time as it became evident that the trade had failed to find an audience for these films, the Institute would then offer to distribute the films. Thus the Theater's screenings would result, in time, and in the absence of great commercial success, in the provision of material for the Circulation program.

An additional source of films, and one scarcely tapped by the commercial distributors, lies in the various film schools which have production workshops. So far as the teacher of film is concerned, a film is not finished until it has been shown to the audience for which it was intended. Too often university films are shown to a student's classmates or friends, but are never tested before an audience which has been invited to see them and has paid money to do so. Thus, to a great extent, university films must be considered unfinished. It is wholly possible that the audience for the "undiscovered" features would also receive with interest the work of fledgling film-makers. A recent experiment at UCLA has suggested that this is true. (*Come Back Africa* was shown in its Los Angeles première with films made by students of the Theater Arts Department). Thus, for the first time, teacher and student alike would have some common reference point when they spoke of an audience for these films. This would be of invaluable assistance to the student and, in the long run, to the film industry as a whole—since the Industry is almost wholly lacking in this sort of opportunity.

As we have seen, several independent organizations have already, on their own initiative, imported films for special screenings. The Institute could, more easily, act on their behalf or could at least supply them (and others) with the information they require to facilitate importation, thus acting in either case as a sort of clearing house.

If it is thought that a national film theater should work through existing organizations, rather than set up its own facilities, both the Museum Film Library and Cinema 16 suggest themselves as obvious choices in New York. Other organizations have also expressed interest—among them the New Yorker Theater, and the Center for Mass Communication at Columbia University, which will have sufficient space in the Columbia Art Center, projected for 1963. In Los Angeles, the obvious center would seem to be the Hollywood Museum, also projected for 1963, although in the interim period the premises of the Academy or of the Screen Directors' Guild might be sought.

Publications

The Institute would publish such documents as seemed of service, and for which there was a demand. Apart from the Catalogue material discussed earlier, periodic publication of information concerning material added to existing collections and available to members would obviously be of interest. And, in time, there might develop a need for publications of a critical, scholarly, historical, statistical or other nature, and the Institute might be called upon by government agencies to conduct surveys of various types. Such functions will, needless to say, become clearer in time. One obvious need is an authoritative description and analysis of current releases, both domestic and foreign—more comprehensive than the Film Estimates Board's *Green Sheet*, something along the lines of the British Film Institute's *Monthly Film Bulletin*.

Production Fund

In the interests of more directly influencing the shape of the "American Film" than would be managed by exhibition and circulation services, the Institute would be interested in establishing a production fund to which film-makers could apply for partial or complete financing of film projects. In the normal course of events, the projects would be limited to those which could not be financed in any other way, but in which the Institute (or its advisers) found sufficient merit, either in subject matter or in a project's promise of experiment in technique or style.

As in the case of circulation, the trade would always be given the opportunity to pre-empt the Institute's financial interest in such projects, again, so long as the Institute's interests were protected. The Institute's concern would be to create and "organize" an audience for meritorious films, and to encourage production of films for such an audience. Thus, in a sense, it would have the same interests as a conventional producer/distributor, but it would be mindful of the rather special audience to which it had access through its own circuit. It could be expected that a few successful experiments of this

sort might greatly affect film financing methods, and might lead to a re-estimation of what constitutes a "safe" subject. On the other hand, the Institute might be able to absorb some failures, if losses to the Production Fund account were not permitted to act as a drain on the resources necessary for maintaining the other services of the Institute.

Festivals

For various reasons, too lengthy to summarize here, no American film festival has yet established itself with the authority of some of those in other countries. It is possible that the San Francisco Festival might develop to that point. It is also possible that the Institute might offer a noncompetitive "review" of other festivals—similar to those in Mexico and London, perhaps offering the same titles. It is also possible that the Institute could use its good offices to assist the organizers of existing or future exhibitions of this sort.

This review of the Institute's functions is, to repeat, offered for discussion. It remains to outline the steps which would be taken to implement some of these proposals, and bring the Institute into being. At present these steps are seen to fall into three distinct phases.

Phase I: After the circulation of this proposal, in this form and as a separate document, a constitution or charter of the Institute will be drafted and presented to the State of California for incorporation of the Institute as a nonprofit cultural organization. In order to facilitate this task, a Committee for the American Film Institute will be formed at once. This Committee will be sponsored by people already operating in this general field, people who are already in positions of authority and responsibility.

Phase II: After the incorporation of the Institute, the Committee will act as an interim Board of Governors or a Commission, whose primary responsibilities will be to conduct the preliminary affairs of the Institute in an ad hoc manner, to raise funds for the Institute, and to help initiate preliminary policy.

Phase III: As soon as sufficient funds have been raised the beginning nucleus of a staff in Los Angeles and in New York will be hired. It will then become the responsibility of the staff, working with the Board of Governors, to conduct the affairs of the Institute in such a manner that it is self-supporting.

Phase I should be out of the way by the early fall of 1961. Phase II should be covered by the beginning of 1962, or in the early months of that year. Several sources of funds can be anticipated. (1) Foundation monies may be found, not to underwrite the annual budget of the Institute, but to help the Institute into existence. (2) Special screenings of films obtained from distributors and film-makers, in which some organization acts with the Institute as entrepreneur, with the express purpose of raising funds for the Institute. The first such screening has been held in California, and the resulting receipts are being held for the Institute. (3) Benefit performances of new films, advertised as being in support of the Institute. Arrangements are being made for several such screenings in the fall of this year.

It is to be hoped that the first method will have to be relied upon least of all, but there are two immediate aspects of the Institute's program which should attract the interest of the foundations—making available films from other countries which otherwise would have no chance of being seen here, and the provision of a national catalogue and research facility available nowhere else.

It is perhaps not generally realized to what extent certain aspects of the Institute's plan could be made self-supporting within the western states—probably even within California. The work of various film societies and, primarily, of the University of California Extension's southern branch, has given sufficient evidence of the potential for a thoroughgoing circuit within the University system—organized in such a way that it serves not only the campuses but the surrounding communities. It is anticipated that the present outlets in Southern California can provide a base from which to expand throughout the state and, after that, throughout the neighboring western states. The creation of this circuit will be a primary concern of the Institute and its supporters in California. With the existence of this circuit, and with the films to show in it, the Institute should be in a position to expand outward. Present plans are for the Institute to proceed at a pace commensurate with its income; little can be said, at this time, of how fast this pace will be. But it is certain that it would be desirable to create a base of operation also in New York.

None of this is any longer merely a dream. It must and will happen. The outlines of responsibility are clear. The first steps are before us. It only remains to take them.

Film Reviews

L'Avventura

Direction and screenplay: Michelangelo Antonioni. Photography: Aldo Scavarda. Music: Giovanni Fusco. Produced by Cino del Duca. Distributor: Janus.

Anna steps quickly toward us as the titles fade, dark, troubled, brooding. Her rich father stands waiting nearby; beyond him, filling the sky, looms an encroaching housing project. "They'll suffocate our poor villa," he complains. "And that man won't marry you," he warns his daughter. Anna (Lea Massari) indulges her father's sentiments. His nostalgic attachment to his villa is as irrelevant, as pointless, as his belief that her anxiety will be eased by marrying her lover Sandro (Gabriele Ferzetti), an architect twice her age. She says good-bye. It is their last encounter.

The scene is short. Yet it already implies Antonioni's leading ideas: the pervasive impermanence of the modern world, and the failure of traditional morality to adapt to this state of affairs. The encroaching project suggests ceaseless material change; the father embodies the codes of tradition; Anna stands for the new amorality, born of the general impermanence, for whom a corrosive eroticism becomes the chief motive for staying alive, with husbands and children little more than a bad joke.

Her friends seem to justify such opinions. With Sandro she joins a party of idle pleasure-seekers on a yachting trip off the Sicilian coast. Despite fair weather, it is a joyless affair. Corrado (James Addams), wearily cynical, mocks his wife's rich repertoire of clichés. The jaded Princess Patrizia (Esmeralda Ruspoli) would rather play with her jigsaw puzzle than her gigolo, and prefers her pet dog to both. Anna goes swimming to break the monotony, cries shark, and causes brief alarm. But there was no shark. As she explains later to the blonde Claudia (Monica Vitti), a friend who has come along for the trip, she wanted to test Sandro, that was all. Then she lends Claudia a summer dress—a small detail in itself, easy to overlook. But this is Antonioni's way. It is less by dramatic incident than by the undramatic and incidental that he will build his film and indicate its meanings. The dress is important.

The party stops to explore a barren volcanic isle, the scene of the first of *L'Avventura's* three main parts. Anna and Sandro quarrel. "Why must you ruin everything?" she cries. Then she leaves him—never to be seen again. Soon a search party is organized, and we find Corrado using the search to escape from Giulia (Dominique Blanchar), his wife. It is much the same with the others. Even when they coalesce into groups these people are separated by a profound mutual indifference. It is not that they cannot communicate: they can—but they have nothing to say, or to give. Their relation both to each other and to the world is exploitative, and in the first case they have long passed the point of diminishing returns. Externally, they resemble mental patients in whom avoidance has become habitual. Later, someone will suggest turning one of their villas into an asylum.

The deserted Giulia strays down near the rocky shore. There's a gap in the cliffs where the sea rolls, foaming and black, and the camera lingers, watching. Nothing is heard but the growling welter and surge of the sea. Perhaps Anna lies drowned below. We don't know. True to his method, Antonioni leaves the matter at the level of suggestion alone.

The special beauty of these island scenes owes much to the grandeur of rocks and sea and sky: but by shooting in the soft, horizontal sunlight of evening and dawn Aldo Scavarda has added something more. At dawn, for example, the landscape is marked by strong shadows, and the western sky is dark. Working from low angles, Scavarda repeatedly places lighted, glowing faces against dark, clouded, sometimes storming skies.

When a storm drives the rest of the party home to Sicily, Sandro, Claudia and Corrado stay overnight to continue the search. Next morning Claudia picks up Anna's dress, and in

sad reflection presses it to her cheek. A deafening roar succeeds this image as Antonioni cuts to a black rock awash with surf. The shot is held. The roar of the surf wells up, drowning the mind in sound. This illustrates one of the things which disconcerts Antonioni's audiences. The rock with its roaring surf is not just a "cutaway," a hasty conjunction; instead, it is given the weight and duration of a major clause.

Then our eyes are raised slowly up from the sea to the island, where Sandro is searching anew. Claudia is near. Climbing past him along a narrow path she stumbles and falls, and as Sandro catches her wrist she looks quickly into his eyes. The distant noise of sea and wind joins with a scale of woodwind notes, warning and forlorn, to fix a premonitory image. Claudia is now wearing Anna's clothes: before long she will become Sandro's mistress. Anna will soon be forgotten, alike by lover and friend. As we follow Claudia and watch her feelings for Sandro change from hesitant curiosity, to love, to anxious doubt, to wounded withdrawal, and then to a final compassion, the dramatic pleasure we experience is contemplative—the pleasure of contemplating the ambiguity, the waywardness, and the fragility of human sentiments.

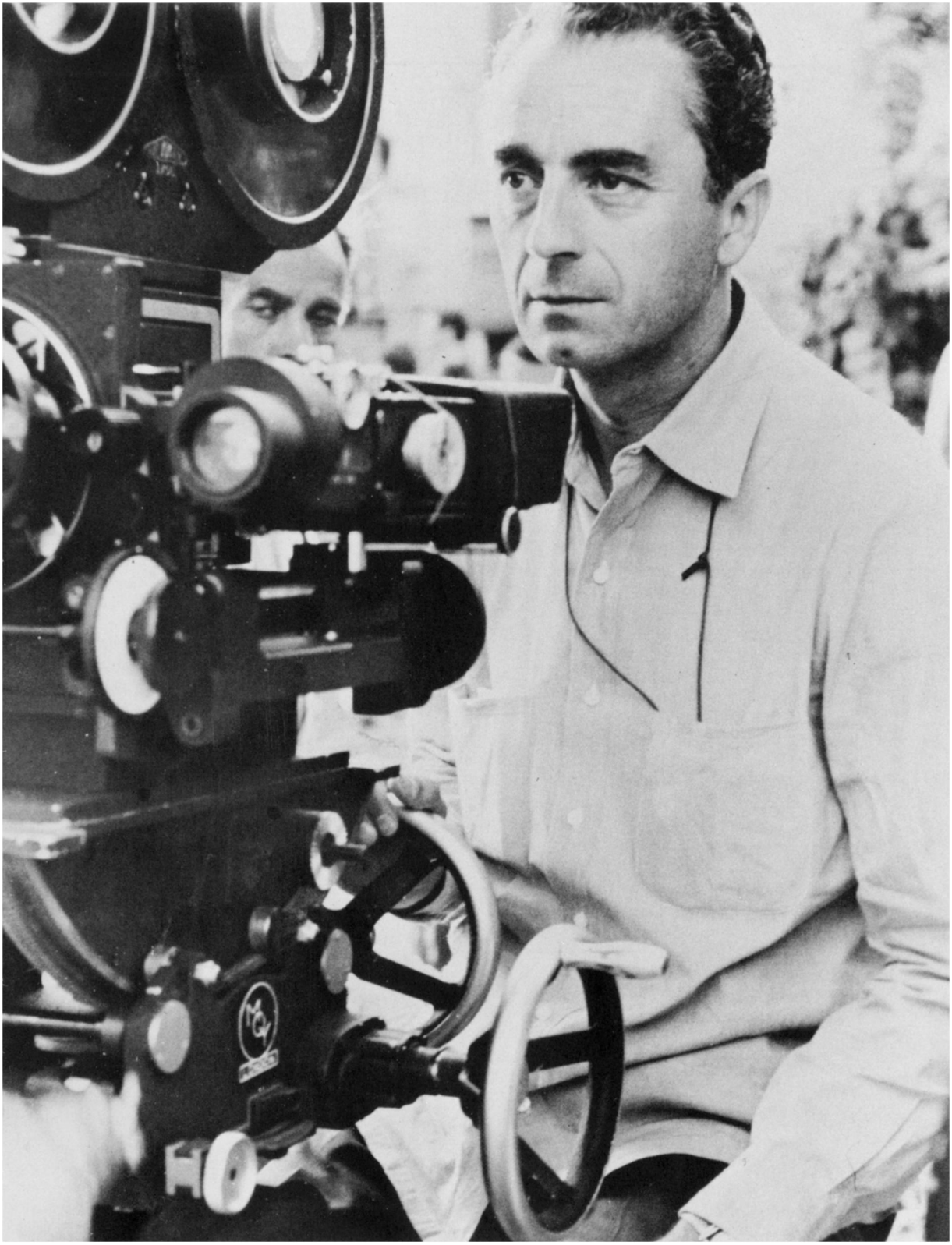
When Anna's father comes to the island, looking for her, he is given two books she left behind; the Bible, and Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender is the Night*. Explaining these details, Monica Vitti has said that the first was intended to suggest Antonioni's concern with morality, while the second "is a literary experiment in which the heroine disappears half way through the book and is replaced by another protagonist."

Returned to Sicily, Claudia tries consciously to avoid Sandro. But her subconscious mind is the truer witness. Playing with Patrizia's adornments she finds, and tries on, a brunette wig. "You look like someone else," the Princess observes. Next, Claudia sets out by train to continue her search for Anna on the Sicilian mainland, where reports say she has been seen. Sandro follows, and joins her on the train. As they talk, her guilt returns, "It is so sad," she says, "only three days have passed . . ." Then, repeating the design of the scene upon the island, a roar of noise overwhelms us as Antonioni cuts again to the sea, to long white lines of breakers seen through the windows of the coach as it races along the coast. And again, as in the earlier scene, the camera pauses before panning slowly up, returning to Sandro and Claudia inside the coach. "Which do you prefer—music, or love?" a boy asks a girl. Overhearing, Claudia smiles. "Music," the girl answers. "You have to find a fiancé, but you can buy a radio." Claudia's smile fades as she recognizes, in this simple need for security, her own anxieties.

Yielding to him at last Claudia joins Sandro, and they journey by car over the sun-baked hills of Sicily enquiring after Anna along the way. One town they come to seems strangely deserted, and the sequence which follows, a study in desolation, reveals one aspect of Antonioni's view of Christianity. Another aspect will be seen as the film ends.

A slow pan across drainpipes and concrete walls discloses, far below us, an empty piazza before a modern church. Utter silence. Then the noise of Sandro's car. As it enters the square, and Sandro and Claudia climb out, the slammed doors start a shrill chittering of birds —but the birds themselves are unseen. From the square we watch Claudia shout through the closed shutters of a hotel. Ghostly echoes reply. The place is a desert, a cemetery, she says; then they drive on. From the shade of a narrow, curved street looking into the piazza we see their car vanish from view; meanwhile the camera is moving slowly forward along the curving street, and long after the car has gone the camera continues, now in total silence, gradually bringing the stark, austere façade of the modern church into full view. The hard, angular building with its huge, authoritative cross, the pitiless noon light, the atmosphere of desertion unite, epitomizing waste, denial, inhumanity. Then at last the shot is cut. A close-up follows —of Claudia and Sandro playing on a grassy hillside, caressing, making love.

Staying overnight in the baroque environs of Noto, Claudia's repressed gaiety breaks out, and in their hotel room she dances for Sandro, foolish, relaxed, secure, confident of his love. Then



she notices that he is hardly aware of her, and her gaiety shrivels into fear. It is only now, late in the story, that we discover the key to Sandro's character. Only now do we learn why he must "ruin everything." We find that he bears an incurable inner wound. Years ago, in an act of self-betrayal which left a deep sense of failure and defeat, he forsook creative work for commercial success.

Exploring Noto alone, he petulantly spills ink across a student's architectural drawing. The enraged artist lunges at him. Sick with tension, Sandro returns to the hotel and to Claudia, seeking release with her in sex. But she recoils. She feels a stranger, she says, a toy seized to indulge his impersonal, exploitative lust.

These events bring together Antonioni's views of the relation between wealth, leisure, creativity, and sex. The rich idlers of *L'Avventura* are doubly barren. Materially, because unemployed. Biologically, because childless. The energies and drives for which work and children give vital roots now serve chiefly to exploit, injure, and destroy. "Eroticism," Antonioni has said, "is the disease of our age." In *L'Avventura* it is a force pervasively malign. As Raimondo the gigolo twists about to stare after Claudia, an ancient vase slips from his hands to shatter on the rocks. Giulia visits a young painter, and in their amorous wrestlings his easel is thrown to the floor. She begins this affair largely to wound her husband: here sexuality has sunk to sadism. Alone in the streets of Noto, Claudia's heels click noisily on the cobblestones. Drawn by this sound, idle workmen appear out of nowhere, watching her silently, moving closer to her, standing in her path. The faces are hard and brutal; Claudia shrinks from their harsh, menacing stares.

Antonioni does not indulge or sentimentalize the Italian poor: they thieve, and riot, and leer. But compared with the rich, he does find their emotional life less aimless and devitalized. Among the rich Claudia alone is able to give, as well as to take, and as *L'Avventura* draws to a close we discover that she was once a stranger to the barren, loveless world of the leisured elite. Sandro and Claudia, now guests of the Princess at Taormina, talk with her as they walk through her crowded mansion. Patrizia mentions the restless confusion which has always surrounded her. "My childhood was reasonable," remarks Claudia. "Reasonable?" questions Patrizia. "Yes. Poor."

A party is held at night, but Claudia stays away. Sandro drifts idly from room to room, pausing briefly before a Renaissance painting of the Madonna. She is breast-feeding an old man who kneels at her feet. As he pauses, Sandro's own head displaces the head of the dotard in the painting. Their situations are not dissimilar. The relation of the old man to the Madonna is one of helpless physical dependence. The situation of Sandro, shortly to be revealed, is one of helpless spiritual dependence on the stronger figure of Claudia, without whose compassion he could hardly find the strength to endure.

Sandro doesn't return to his room. Searching for him in the pale light of morning, wandering amidst the party debris, Claudia finds him in the arms of another girl. In Penelope Houston's words, "the verdict is less in Claudia's sickened dismay than in Sandro's face. For what it is worth, he knows himself: knows his fatal instinct for self-betrayal." Leaving his friend of the night, Sandro follows Claudia out to a terrace near the hotel. Sunlight touches the distant hills. Far off in the port a boat whistles, and wind sings in nearby trees. Sandro slumps down on a bench, weeping silently. Slowly, each step clear and sharp upon the tiles, Claudia walks across to him, and gently, wordlessly, lays her hand upon his head in a last gesture of compassion. Both the act and the image reverberate with meaning. Claudia's head is encircled by the cold blaze of a dawn sky, and echoes of older legends of forgiveness and charity crowd the mind. It is here that we glimpse some of Antonioni's deeper meanings when he said: "The conclusion at which my characters arrive is not moral anarchy. They come at most to a shared pity. This, you may say, is nothing new. But without that, what is left to us?"—ROGER SANDALL

La Dolce Vita

Director: Federico Fellini. Screenplay: Fellini, Pinelli Flaiano, and Brunello Rondi. Photography: Arturo Zavattini. Editor: Leo Gattozzo. Art Director: Piero Gheradi. Music: Nino Rota. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anita Ekberg, Anouk Aimée, Yvonne Furneaux, Alain Cuny, and Annibale Ninchi.

A statue of Christ, slung underneath a helicopter, flying low over the modern white apartment houses that seem to be a permanent background to Fellini films, is the opening shot of *La Dolce Vita*. In a way it is a touchstone for the rest of the film. Both its technique and meaning are forceful, adroit, and obvious: an interesting array of shots, some excellent if flashy camera work and a blatant comparison to a recrucified Christ. One can find nothing distinctly wrong with the sequence: its form is excellent and conscious, its theme has both scope and pertinence. But why, then, does it not ring true? Why, like the rest of the film, does it leave one feeling unsatisfied, almost frustrated?

In the answer to these questions lies the reason why *La Dolce Vita* is not a great film. A strange attitude that: why should it be a great film? Simply because it has chosen as its medium the grand style and by its grandeur it must be judged. Fellini's earlier work, while dealing with universal themes, never posited them in the apocalyptic manner of *La Dolce Vita*. While dealing with individuals in limited experiences, uncomplex circumstances, Fellini's intentions and execution were at least valid. But in this film he has chosen to re-create a giant cross-section of modern civilization and what is more, to make a moral judgment concerning that cross-section. Frankly, he is not up to the task.

And yet another unsettling thought derives from this. *La Dolce Vita* is, paradoxically, Fellini at his best and only with this film does it become apparent that the promising, refreshing innovations of *I Vitteloni* and *Cabiria* were false hopes. Seen now, in *La Dolce Vita,* in their stylistic and thematic fruition, they are near vacuous. In this case at least, the future or present does change the past, for the things we found valuable in his earlier works have now been clarified by their definitive arrival. Perhaps this is the saddest and most disappointing aspect of the film.

In view of his earlier work, it is almost as if Fellini had desired to cram all his previous themes and techniques into this one film. To do so he was forced to utilize an episodic structure, which allows maximum freedom, and Fellini both uses and misuses this maneuverability. The lack of discipline the film sometimes evidences is not a major fault. It is annoying, but at least it shows a certain vitality, a brimming over, a feeling of uncontrollable forces at work: the old neorealist *élan*. Perhaps, in a way, these moments of forceful exuberance are the best things about the film; at least they are uninhibited, being disconnected from the mechanistic thematic development that seems to hang like a rolling fog bank above the rest of the work.

The key figure in this naturalistic nightmare is, of course, Marcello Mastroianni, playing (with ultimate brilliance) Marcello Rubino, a third-rate journalist with pretensions of writing The Great Italian Novel. *La Dolce Vita* is really the story of his rapid moral disintegration in Roman high-life and his inability to communicate any longer with the purity still inherent in our crumbling civilization, with the perversion of his literary talent thrown in for good measure. From episode to episode he sinks deeper into the degradation that surrounds him, every so often fitfully thrusting out a hand to grasp at some sort of salvation; but even through these half-hearted attempts he becomes more firmly rooted in the mire of Fellini's modern world.

In the first half-hour of the film he has an affair with a nymphomaniac heiress (Anouk Aimée), is faced with his mistress's (Yvonne Fourneaux) attempted suicide, makes a fool of himself over a visiting movie star (Anita Ekberg), and is given a sound beating by her fiancé (Lex Barker). In a moment of piety (or perhaps just to rest) he enters a church where he encounters Steiner the Intellectual (woodenly played by Alain Cuny).

The problem is that all this merely happens.

No motivations are attributed, no atmosphere is created, we are forced to assume that all these people act this way for no good reason. It is all too glib and superficial to be real. The personae are caricatures and the situations are classically stereotyped to such an extent that one feels completely out of touch and totally unsympathetic to their problems. For that matter, so is Fellini: he is much more interested in their contrived solutions which usually end up in debauchery and orgiastic self-purgation.

One is hard put to take Marcello's plight seriously, mainly because his constant bleatings of guilt and self-dissatisfaction show all too clearly that he knows what he is doing. This might be all the more tragic, his seeing and knowing the evil in this way of life and still desiring it, if Fellini was not such a good Catholic moralist (which he is). He can no more believe in Calvinistic predetermination than he can believe in Marcello's inability to save himself. This existentialist ambiguity accounts for the film as a moralistic failure for Marcello's salvation or damnation is a personal question and this film does not deal with the personal world of reality. It is too concerned with the public image of a corrupt society to penetrate into the subtle and dangerously basic reasons for that corruption.

This problem comes to light in Marcello's relationship with Steiner. One whole lengthy, completely uncinematic sequence is devoted to an evening that Marcello and his mistress spend at Steiner's home, surrounded by a group of Roman intellectuals. This sequence, taken with Steiner's suicide later in the film, is Fellini blithely dismissing the intellectual as the problem solver in our modern world. They too are in a *cul de sac*, he says; better yet, he makes them say it themselves. This whole sequence, the whole relationship, smells of the setting up of clay ducks merely to shoot 'em down. It is phony and here Fellini is truly out of his depth. He is dealing with a real problem, the vacuity of the modern intelligentsia, and he can do nothing more than have Marcello's hero kill his own two children and commit suicide. It is a heavy-handed and deus-ex-machina form of criticism and a destructively negative way to make a valid point.

But even more annoying are the clichés involved in Marcello's visit to the aristocrats' party. Stumbling around an abandoned castle, one of the aging princes literally cries over the broken and rotted floors, wailing that it's not like it was in the old days. The scene is so blatant that it might have been written by Stanley Kramer.

It then becomes apparent that what is most wrong with the film is its obviousness, its perverse insistence on saying the same thing over and over until it loses all validity and finally all meaning. It is finally obvious that Fellini had nothing to say. He felt something, vaguely, about the ills of modern society and set out to make one heck of a big movie about it. But the film is not really about the decline of the West or the disintegration of our society or the degradation of an individual or the inability to communicate. It is about nothing. Its theme is merely a vehicle for sensationalism and a sometimes spectacular demonstration of Fellini's directorial talents.

As such it is a much more valid work. There are several breathtaking, almost brilliant sequences that are hard to put from one's mind. The wild rock-and-roll dance with Anita Ekberg in the Baths of Caracalla is beautifully done, spontaneous yet filled with a frenzy that could only be implanted by subtle directorial touches. Especially noteworthy is the scene wherein Anita Ekberg and Marcello climb to the top of St. Peter's. For a full three minutes they twist and turn through an elaborate studio reconstruction of the stairways in the Vatican and yet, when they reach the top, when all this formal virtuosity should reach some sort of fruition, there is nothing.

Without a doubt the best sequence is the orgy that ends the film. By this time Marcello has given up completely his role as a writer and has turned into a publicity agent for his decadent friends. Out of sheer boredom Anouk Aimée is goaded into an elaborate strip-tease and in a moment of true brilliance Fellini catches, for the first and last time in the film,

the atmosphere of decay so important to a film about our supposed loss of moral values: these shots of Marcello shredding up a pillow and dropping the feathers on various characters in a perverted form of ablution is straight out of *Zéro de Conduite* but is nonetheless bone-chilling in its intensity.

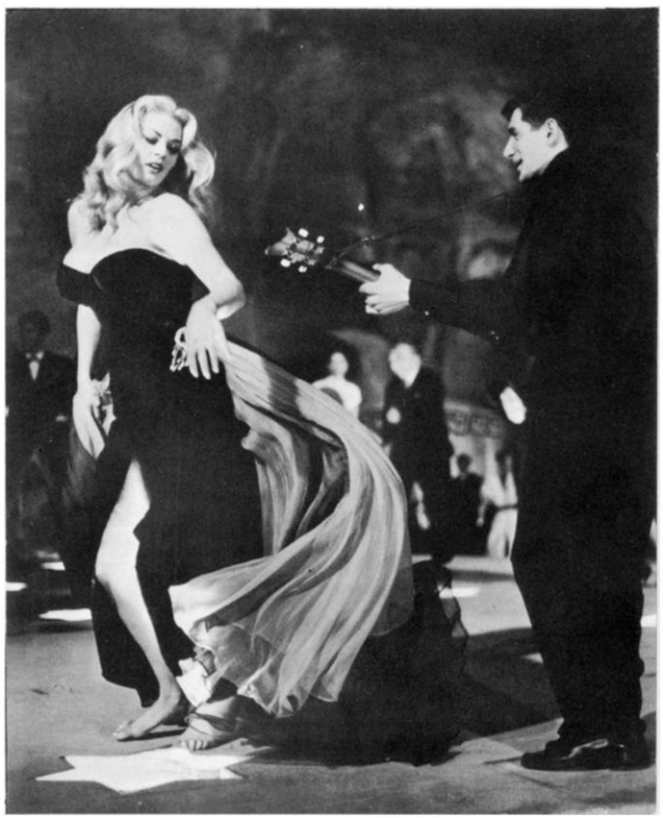
The final sequence, with the partakers of the orgy pouring out into the dawn-lit forest and finally arriving on the beach, is forceful and at times exciting. But the film reaches its absolute nadir over the business with the giant sea monster that is resting on the beach. Utilizing it as a symbol of modern society *is* a bit thick. And in reality it is not all that ugly or disgusting, especially to a group of people who, we have been led to believe, must have seen much more repulsive sights in human form. And the much talked about final shot, with Marcello unable to communicate with the strange young girl a few yards away because of the pounding surf, is the capstone to a tour de force of the obvious.

And yet, for all of this, *La Dolce Vita* is a film that is very hard to dislike. Its intellectual weakness, its internal contradictions, its complete lack of thematic form are its faults. It does have a tremendous emotional power merely because of the simplicity of its theme and its development and the resultant lack of a need to concentrate. Combine this with some fantastic acting, a beautiful musical score, the high points outlined above and one has a very mixed experience to deal with. That the form is erratic and uncontrolled and the content is ultimately meaningless is not readily apparent. Perhaps it is inconsequential in this case whether it is apparent or not. We might well consider the film only as an emotional experience; on that level it succeeds. A few years ago we might not even have asked these questions and I have little doubt that if *La Dolce Vita* had appeared in 1958 instead of 1961 it would have been hailed as a masterpiece.

But, for many reasons, things have changed. We have seen many innovations in the last two or three years and they have not passed without a marked effect upon our critical viewpoints. *La Dolce Vita* represents a type of film-making that is rapidly dying. Perhaps, in future histories, it will be considered the last important conventional film, for that is the word that best describes it. It personifies, it accurately sums up, a whole genre of creative and critical thought about film, and as such might well be the last great gasp of the *ancien garde*. We can only hope that Fellini, who here has made a film completely unaffected by the tides of creativity that have been surging around him (in the form of such directors as Truffaut, Antonioni, Visconti, and Resnais) will soon be infected by the spirit of modernity that is so vitally present in contemporary cinema and put aside his visions of the apocalypse to return to making films that are more sincere in their concern with the fate of our civilization.

—R. M. FRANCHI

Anita Ekberg as Sylvia the Hollywood star, performing her "orgiastic dance."



Saturday Night and Sunday Morning

Director: Karel Reisz. Screenplay, based on his novel, by Alan Sillitoe. Producer: Tony Richardson. Music: Johnny Dankworth. A Woodfall Film, released by Continental Distributing, Inc. With Albert Finney, Shirley Anne Field, Rachel Roberts.

This is a good film. Good is not exalted or timeless, but good can be exciting and worth talking about.

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning opens with a broad view of an English bicycle factory throbbing with the violent clang of machinery and slowly focusses on a young lathe worker: Arthur Seaton, the core of the film. A burly, square-jawed rebel, Arthur lives for the weekend when he can get as drunk as he likes. He asserts himself against the machines of industry and society with mild wickedness and a fierce determination not to be caught in monotony. "That's what all these loony laws are for—to be broken by blokes like me." Laws that say you don't sleep with a fellow-worker's wife and slip out the back door when Pops comes home, you don't shoot an air-gun gleefully at the rump of the neighborhood busybody, you don't try to stop a stony-faced policewoman from arresting a drunk for breaking a store window. Arthur does these things and more, not in bitterness but in fun. It's fun he lives for—"all the rest is propaganda." In spite of his arrogance he is lovable because he is a life-lover, who fills this movie with vitality and the power of youth.

Albert Finney is not a middle-class actor playing up the crudity of a working-class character; he *is* Arthur. Drunk and cocky, playing happily with a kid brother, truly moved by his mistress's dilemma when she becomes pregnant, he is constantly creating a human being. Rachel Roberts as Brenda, his married mistress, Norman Rossington as Arthur's tamer friend, Shirley Anne Field as Doreen, who somehow attracts Arthur with her luminous face and quiet, tolerant manner, are all excellent and truthful. When they talk, they *connect*: people speaking to one another, not to a camera on a soundproof stage. The mode of their dialogue conveys the film's feeling for the relatedness of people. Word is not an accessory here but interwoven with the image to form a whole.

Yet the story and its characters, however authentic, do not move us deeply—lack passion—perhaps because this was not intended. When Arthur is finally lured into marriage by Doreen's youth and prettiness, he warns her that he will go on rebelling; we wonder how, but the film stops there. At the end of the film, he throws a rock toward a row of drearily identical houses and his girl asks, "Why are you doing that? Maybe we'll live there someday." These could be chilling words, a depressing glimpse into the future when Arthur's youth cannot save him. It passes lightly. Here, and in the scenes of Arthur with pregnant Brenda, the film skirts the edge of sadness but avoids it. The final note may be sober, the dominant mood remains one of exuberance.

Karel Reisz's direction is impressively mature for a first feature film. His documentaries, "We are the Lambeth Boys" and "Momma Don't Allow," (the latter made with Tony Richardson) were his best-known works in the United States until now. They are best remembered for their handling of England's lower-class moods and faces, and for the use of sound and cutting technique. These are the most striking qualities of *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* as film. (Reisz is the author of *The Techniques of Film Editing*, an excellent book now unfortunately out of print.)

There is a pervading awareness here of landscape and atmosphere, the gray texture of existence in a factory town. The pan shot of the dull geometry of roof-tops says Conformity, and one shot is enough. Arthur rides his bicycle to work down the long stony streets, his figure expressing both resignation and wariness. Most of the time Reisz devotes the camera to people—people talking, people alone, unwinding their characters and relationships. The photography is not brilliant but the cutting is exciting and beautifully paced. There is a close relation between the speed of the cutting and the pace of the story. As Arthur's affair with Brenda wanes and his involvement with Doreen grows, Reisz shifts

with almost *Breathless* speed from the one situation to the other and back again.

His use of sound is the most striking piece of technique. There are two recurring themes: a background jazz score by Johnny Dankworth which is as fresh and brazen as Arthur himself, and the steady roar of factory noises that waits for him every weekday morning. More original than this musical symbolism is the way that wild-track sound is employed for transitions. When Arthur is taking Brenda to see his aunt about an abortion, his voice-over murmuring "Come on," is heard while the previous scene is dissolving and before we have had time to recognize the couple walking down the street. The words are barely heard, mysterious and gentle and right. In a similar manner, he cuts quickly from a playground scene with Arthur and Doreen to a fair they attend together, on the muted invitation, "I'll take you."

But in the end it's Sunday morning. And if the film speaks its piece well, it lacks the magic of the unsaid. There is nothing here to make you shiver, no awareness of "the million-eyed Spyder that hath no name." Eisenstein may make us walk straighter, wish ourselves nobler, haunt the mind and eye long afterward. Even *Breathless*, in a different way, shakes us up, makes us want to go somewhere for no reason and drive fast. *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* has an intactness which leaves nothing further to be felt or said.

This is of course the curse of "realism." Reisz has made illusion real, he has not yet made reality significant. If his film is more than documentary, it is less than art. The characters are all *there*, but they are more recognizable than illuminating. His failure to transform subject matter shows most sharply in one of the few scenes which is a cliché: when Arthur and Doreen are waiting for her mother to go to bed so that they can make love. This coy bit tells us nothing about either character, and it is enlightening to compare the scene in the film with the one in Alan Sillitoe's book on which he based the screenplay. There, the love-making that ends the scene carries a bittersweet taste of resignation: Arthur knows he is hooked, but not without pleasure. This flavor is missing in the film, and the result is a hollow scene of sex without meaning. In making the movie more upbeat than the novel (superficially, at least), that added dimension by which art moves beyond reality has been sacrificed. Ginsberg's Spyder lurks in Sillitoe's book, for Arthur is more complicated than he appears on the screen. In the film, he is allowed one line to suggest this: when, after being beaten up, he asks himself, "What am I? . . . Gods knows what I am." The mystery of Arthur lies in the fact that although he understands neither himself nor life, he is determined to *be* himself and to live life. There is the true reality.

But in England the kind of surface realism in which this film excels is still a live issue. The English reviews show that Victoria hovers today, that the uninhibited depiction of sex or immorality or lower-class life still presents a frontier to the English artist. Elsewhere, filmmakers—Antonioni in *L'Avventura*, Godard with *Breathless*—are in pursuit of something more complicated. Karel Reisz may eventually lead the English film to new frontiers. Originality and imagination show in his technique, and in one wild, flashing cut: when a little boy with the face of an Arab urchin sticks his head into a bar and calls out, "When are you comin' home, Ma?" He vanishes so quickly that it almost didn't happen; it is quite unreal. Reisz has taken an ancient joke and used it with inspired madness. He is no prophet yet, but he has taken a giant step from his earlier work.

—ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

One-Eyed Jacks

Director: Marlon Brando. Producer: Frank P. Rosenberg. Screenplay: Guy Trosper and Calder Willingham, based on "The Authentic Death of Hendry Jones," by Charles Neider. Photography: Charles Lang. Music: Hugo Friedhofer. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, Katy Jurado, Pina Pellicer. Paramount.

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"He wanted no more than justice—no more than justice . . . and while I waited he seemed to stare at me out of the glassy panel—stare with that wide and immense stare embracing, condemning, loathing all the universe. I seemed to hear the whispering cry, 'The horror! The horror!' "—Marlow remembers Kurtz in Conrad's HEART OF DARKNESS.

"Justice, like the Ritz Hotel, is open to everyone."
—OLD LEGAL SAYING.

"Think of the horrible things in your own true lives and the camera will photograph the horror in your faces," director Brando instructed the crowd of extras watching villain Karl Malden flog hero Marlon Brando in *One-Eyed Jacks*. Then, reports *Life, Brando* went on to offer a $300 bonus to the most horrified face in the crowd. But the horror is mainly Brando's. *One-Eyed Jacks* reveals what increasingly becomes the star's image on the screen: Hemingway's one man alone against the world who "ain't got no bloody fucking chance." *One-Eyed Jacks* is a six-million-dollar Elizabethan revenge tragedy, set in Monterey, c. 1885, and drenched in bloody color.

I suggest, of course, the film is a failure. So it is. But *One-Eyed Jacks* is a significant failure, rich in intention and promise which fails, at least in part, because of the greatness of its intention. (*Vide* another arty, over-stuffed contemporary western, *The Misfits*.) The main thing wrong with *One-Eyed Jacks* is its static quality—inertia is especially wrong in an outdoors western—and for long stretches the camera simply does not move. For what the picture has to say (every good or bad man has an opposite side), it is far too long. The special San Francisco showing I saw ran to two hours and twenty-two minutes; the released print has cut one minute. The Paramount brass in San Francisco, visibly nervous about their many-splendored elephant, puffed that unshorn the picture had run over thirty-five hours. As I came away, I had the sorry feeling I had seen it *all*. Worse, because of the movie's frozen camera work and its staccato dialogue, it is unlikely that even the slickest of editors, Irving Lerner say, could pace the film into life.

A good deal has been said about the facts that *One-Eyed Jacks* was planned for a budget of under two million dollars and was intended as a twelve-week job. Brando ran the enterprise into almost six millions and three years. Not, of course, that all the time was spent on shooting: the picture took longer to cut than it did to film. Though I am not sure what six million dollars' worth is supposed to look like, the Big Sur country's perfect sun and surf do look as if they cost plenty to put on film. A lot of the money has gone into scenery: every hacienda fronts on the Pacific, and there is an altogether charming Chinese fishing village—a set which doubtless cost a mint to build. Whether Paramount (which is releasing the film) or Pennebaker (Brando's own production company) breaks even is not a problem for the critic, to be sure. But the critic can note that Brando, in his own terms, has had his chance; and he has muffed it.

This does not at all mean I challenge the artist's right to budge the budget beyond reasonable limits. That practice should be encouraged, where it is shrewdly done. For instance, in *A Star Is Born* (Warners, 1955), Judy Garland's temperament doubled the cost of the negative (she liked to act at night) and trebled the shooting time (in its ninth month, James Mason said the picture had become a whole career for him). But quite apart from whether Warners got back its money, when Miss Garland's talent called the tune the artistic result was well worth the inflation. To cite the case history of an earlier director than Brando: Erich Von Stroheim's alleged excesses seem to me worth the money. In *The Merry Widow* (1925) Von Stroheim insisted that the royal crest of an imaginary kingdom be sewn onto the underwear of the actors who played soldiers. Not that the soldiers paraded around in their underwear, but Von Stroheim felt that the consciousness of their royal underwear would show up in the elegance of the actors' bearing. Again, in *Queen Kelly* (1928–30), Von Stroheim burned enough candles to

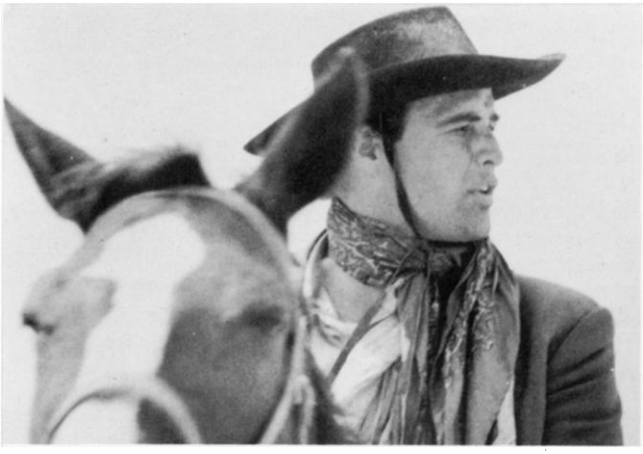
illuminate all of Europe—but, unlike Brando's, Von Stroheim's extravagance brought light to and informed his art. Brando's delays at best have inflated a shoestring into a cumberbund.

Charles Neider's novel, *The Authentic Death of Hendry Jones,* has been blown into a pretentious script by Guy Tresper and Calder Willingham. Brando has announced, "I want to make a frontal assault on the temple of clichés," but his scenarists have given him a quantity of platitudes to tilt with. Near the start of the picture Rio (Brando) tells the sheriff, Dad (Malden), "I could lay over a day or two." Rio stays to lay the sheriff's daughter. The morning after, the girl Louisa (the Mexican actress Pina Pellicer) tells Rio in halting English, "You only shame yourself." Louisa's mother (Katy Jurado) comforts her, though with far less of a Mexican accent. After Rio kills a lady-molesting lout in a Monterey saloon (much in the manner of the boy-hero Pepe in Barnaby Conrad's phony job of Steinbeck's *Flight*), Rio assures Dad, "He didn't give me no selection." Later, in an argument with his cronies over the aesthetics of bank-robbing, Rio tells the gang, "That's not my style." "Style," one recalls, is what Huck Finn said Tom Sawyer had plenty of in Tom's indulgence of boyish fantasies. To make the point as clear as possible: many of the lines in the script sound like the speech of self-conscious adolescents. In particular, Brando drawls his lines with the sort of brooding care a sophomore might bestow on Hamlet's soliloquies. Come to think of it, the brooding, arty drawing used to sell *One-Eyed Jacks* shows Brando with a feather bob and a blanket draped across his shoulders like a reverse stole, as he twirls a gun in his maimed hand: this sketch would make a dandy illustration for Huckleberry Finn's greatest performance, a down-river *Hamlet.*

Too bad Brando didn't hire a director—or keep Stanley Kubrick on the job. There are too many long, loving close-ups of Brando's beautiful face. On two occasions, when Brando rides across a wasteland into deception—in the same way Childe Roland to that Dark Tower came—the camera virtually goes into slow motion. There are so many looks at Brando's torso that the curve of his behind is doubtless the most memorable line in the picture. Even if all the close-ups could be cut, the picture would be left with all those group compositions, with Marlon Brando way out front. There is just too much of him—as if the cameraman (Charles Lang) had strict orders from the boss to focus the lens on the Star.

On a recent *Open End* forum, some moguls in attendance (Max Youngstein, Otto Preminger, Dore Schary, Daniel Mann), lamented that nowadays almost any big star (Brando was named) can get four million dollars to make a picture. Charlton Heston, who was also on hand, shrewdly pointed out that two of the most creative films ever made (*Citizen Kane* and *Henry V*) were directed by their leading men. Presumably Heston might have added Olivier's *Hamlet* and *Richard III.* But Sir Laurence and Orson Welles are bright enough to see themselves in perspective and edit their own parts to size; nevertheless, they *did* have pretty fat roles.

In sum, Brando's direction misses intelligence. Qualities of mind and perspective are what a director most needs. Conceivably, Brando's flaws as a director—his lack of control and proportion, his striking for as many climaxes as clutter a Wagner opera, his reluctance to tear the camera away from the star so that the story may move on: in a word, Brando's conceit—may make for his considerable resources as an actor. But because his talent goes uncontrolled in this film, Brando's resources are squandered, not exploited. Jean Renoir has said that in order to take direction, an actor *should be slow*; and Renoir cites the slow Ingrid Bergman as easier to direct than the quick Anna Magnani. Possibly the star in Brando has ruined him for the director's megaphone. That notable crank H. L. Mencken once commented on the corrosive effects of the actor in power: "Men . . . constantly associated with actors tend to take on the qualities of the actor—his idiotic vanity, his herculean stupidity, his chronic underrating of his betters."



Marlon Brando as Rio in his ONE-EYED JACKS.

As director, Brando does better with Malden, the other one-eyed Jack of the piece. Malden plays brilliantly scene by scene, yet because the character written for him lacks any viable point of view, his *whole* performance wants cogency. Sheriff Dad is given too many one-sided faces. On the one hand, we must accept Rio's ruling passion that Dad is a lowdown, ornery, lying, vicious turncoat. Yet, for five years Dad has had a good marriage with an intelligent, perceptive woman (Katy Jurado), and it surprises her to learn that Dad is a deeply evil man. Nevertheless, in some fine public scenes—one where Dad dances on a table, another where Dad horsewhips Rio—Malden does suggest the nasty, hungry quality that often underlies the political charmer. We leave Dad in the gutter where he makes one last attempt to strike down Rio in his getaway; but the "son" escapes, and Dad rolls over dead. Still, we've only seen two disparate profiles, not the flesh-and-blood, of the bad father as villain.*

I shan't bother to track in detail the twists of plot in *One-Eyed Jacks.* The picture has villains enough to staff a concentration camp: two in the sheriff's office (Karl Malden and Timothy Carey) and two in the outlaw band (Ben Johnson and Sam Gilman). No other western, save perhaps *The Ox-Bow Incident,* has been so crowded with sadists and double-dealers. Dad betrays Rio twice: too often for Rio to get the audience's sympathy. Dad, in turn, is triple-crossed by Rio's gang, defied by his stepdaughter, denounced by his wife, and killed by Rio. Throughout the film, in all sorts of interlocking ways, we see perfidy and brutality flourish. We see the hero deserted, jailed, flogged, maimed, ambushed, jailed, and—in the original ending—killed. As a result of a "poll" (possibly front-office pressures) Brando has tacked on a bittersweet ending which doesn't fit this film. Rio now escapes and kills Dad (though in self-defense), but he must part from the pregnant girl . . . for just a while. This happy conclusion would be altogether absurd, save that it seems sound psycho-drama. Remember: despite huge differences with the Industry, Marlon Brando has made it Big there.

Woeful, then, is the universe Marlon Brando has filmed in *One-Eyed Jacks.* Nothing is fair. As in a good deal of Brando's previous work, the sharks gobble their own tails: the good are hosed to death amid fire (*The Fugitive Kind*), or brutally beaten (*The Wild One, On the Waterfront*), or paralyzed (*The Men*), or die for a very bad reason (*Viva Zapata!, The Young Lions*). Granted, Brando did not write these stories: his blood brothers in despair—Tennessee Williams, Budd Schulberg, Irwin Shaw—did. But to make these pictures has been Brando's own "selection." From *One-Eyed Jacks,* a film for which he is primarily responsible, one sees even more clearly the image of himself Brando wants to project onto the public mind: the hero on horseback, his head bloodily unbowed, his life traitorously beset, yet strangely enduring. In an autobiographical way, perhaps, the filmic statement is the right one. In an industry often stupid, and consecrated to the death of individual will, Marlon Brando acts out the fantasy of Beowulf—the stranger, tough but afraid, in a world no one owns to having made. His Rio, against all probability, comes riding through.—HERBERT FEINSTEIN

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* In *On the Waterfront* Malden and Brando acted out a very different father-son relationship. In the earlier film, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, Malden played a good Catholic priest who helped deliver a hoodlum (Brando) from evil ways.

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SANCTUARY. With growing impatience, one sits through the autobiography of Mrs. Gowan Stevens, née Temple Drake. She is arguing with the governor, her own father, for the life of her friend and servant Nancy, who is to hang for the murder of Temple's second child. One is painfully aware that she is saying little to the point. What will come of it? When *Sanctuary* is almost done, one learns that nothing will come of it, that nothing could have come of it, and that both the lawyer who persuaded her to speak up and the governor himself knew that nothing could come of it before she began. They just wanted her to face the truth. Temple is so overcome that she loses her charming accent; but then, how could *they* have known that she was willing to face the truth all along? All that remains is Temple's last meeting with Nancy, who tells her to "believe." One has been wondering how Nancy could bring herself to kill a child merely to keep Temple from running off with Candy Man; here one learns only that Nancy could do it because she believes in a hereafter where such things cannot matter and everything is quite readily forgiven. Much impressed by everything everyone has done for her, Temple goes back to her husband. Ah, but can *he* face the truth? James Poe's adaptation of Faulkner's material is impossible drama. Faulkner could bludgeon the reader with his prose; Poe has tried to clarify it. All that director Tony Richardson could do was get a talented cast (Lee Remick, Bradford Dillman, Odetta) to do their best to make it seem natural, line by line. By fits and starts, they succeed. It is quite an accomplishment.

THE SINS OF RACHEL CADE. The posters ask how it could have happened to Rachel Cade; the film itself does not offer much more answer than the subway scribbler who wrote that "It just come on her."

Entertainments

R. M. HODGENS

BLACK SUNDAY. Even before the titles, this Italianate refinement of horror begins to elaborate upon traditions (of folk and of *genre*) with a free hand; the result is not precisely unpredictable from scene to scene, but it is certainly unreliable. The tale itself, concerning the re-composing corpse of a vampire or witch (Barbara Steele) and her intended victim (Barbara Steele), is a pretext for murky atmosphere relieved by a great many gruesome surprises. Director Mario Bava, who shares credits for script and camera as well, has managed to make the murk and the grue more extreme and more clever than usual. Instead of the pierced heart, *Black Sunday* offers the pierced eye.

THE FACTS OF LIFE. A comedy about an adulterous attraction that does not go much farther because it is too much trouble.

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Correspondence & Controversy

Oxford Opinion

Film Quarterly (Winter, 1960) found it "weird to hear the unmistakeably querulous 'beat' note emerging from the new journal [Penelope Houston] quotes, *Oxford Opinion*." So did we: that note emerged from *Oxford Opinion* only through the intervention of *Sight & Sound*. With considerable deftness, Miss Houston juxtaposed unrelated quotations from our work to build up an *Oxford Opinion* image—"beat" with touches of sadism and nihilism for good measure. Such is the prestige of *Sight & Sound* that the image has been accepted almost unquestioningly while Miss Houston can still appear to be "gracious and accurate."

It is unfortunate that you used her article (which our leading weekly critic, Dilys Powell, has called misleading) to show that the attacks on *Sight & Sound* were not entirely serious. The fact is that *Sight & Sound* does not please everyone in Britain, not even, it seems, all of its own contributors. The central point of all the attacks is the deadening lack of enthusiasm or conviction in recent issues. The criticism of the *Sequence* generation and its camp followers has become stale, partly as a result of going unchallenged for so long. Now, at last, other voices, which have been needed so badly, are beginning to be heard in film criticism. *Definition* has aimed to reassess the idea of commitment. In *Oxford Opinion* we tried to write film criticism that was actually about films.

We were interested not merely in what the director was doing, but in how he was doing it: in how he was expressing himself through the cinematic resources at his disposal. This concern with technique and style did not imply that "it is fine *trouvailles* that make a film." Very often, and always in the case of great directors, the meaning of a film is contained in its style, which is the director's personal way of doing whatever is important to him in the film. We believed that the study of style would lead us to a deeper understanding of content. Where we referred to an individual shot or technique, we were interested in why the director had used it. In fact, the sort of criticism which we tried to write had much in common with the "textual" criticism which you suggested might "enable us to push through the present impasse," "criticism which sticks much closer to the actual work itself than is usual." Unless you want a purely literary examination of the script, your "textual" criticism can hardly avoid being "technical."

Through our approach to films, we have come to admire many of the same directors as *Cahiers*, for instance, Hitchcock, Sirk, Hawks, and Losey. Although this may appear strange to most British and American critics, who seem to despise American films, neither we nor *Cahiers* are making a cult of the worthless story or the jazzed-up gangster film. It seems that your ideas on *Cahiers* have come from the same source as those on *Oxford Opinion*. Perhaps the whole rather dreary critical controversy might be a little more interesting if critics bothered to read and even try to understand what the others were saying before dismissing their work as "juvenile delinquent film criticism."

All this contrasts oddly with your pious resolution not to dismiss the *Cahiers* approach too lightly. So does your statement that "textual" analysis "would, of course, make short work of the 'master-workers' of the *Cahiers* school." A few years ago, *Cahiers* provided a list of twelve "masterworks." It included *La Regle du jeu, Birth of a Nation, L'Atalante*, Stroheim's *Wedding March* and Murnau's *Sunrise*. But perhaps *Film Quarterly* can make short work of those.

—Ian A. Cameron, V. F. Perkins, and Mark Shivas
London

[I have recently had the chance to peruse the entire body of *OO* film criticism, and concur that *S&S*'s portrait of it was distorted. The *OO* writers have indeed been attempting somewhat the task advocated in recent *FQ* editorial columns. Their criticism itself is, to our eyes, still sometimes merely descriptive rather than analytical (and even sometimes surprisingly "social"); in its solemnity about films like *Crimson Kimono* I persist in seeing derivativeness from *Cahiers*—which, of course, we read carefully, including its sometimes extremely odd listings. But much of the *OO* work is a good start toward getting to really close critical grips with how films are made. We could argue about several points in the above letter. It seems more important, however, to get on with the job of criticism; with this issue, therefore, which contains some further remarks on criticism in the Editor's Notebook, we declare the purely polemical field closed, but invite participation in the critical enterprise going on in our pages by all the *OO* writers and everyone else who wishes to try the new criticism that is needed.
—E. C.]